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THE HOLTS  
FROM CHERRY VALLEY  
AND THEIR KIN

By Elijah W. Holt



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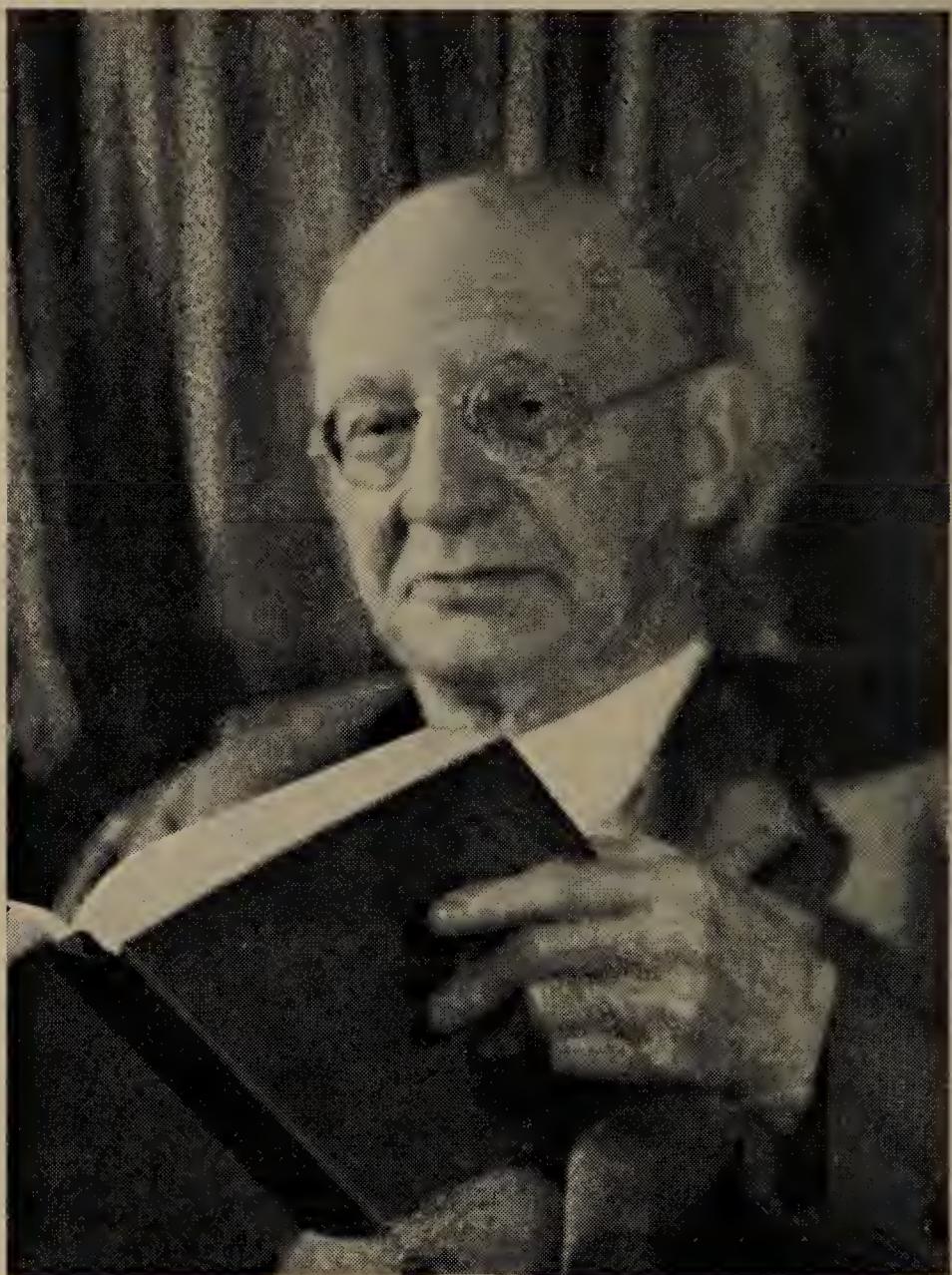
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## ELIJAH W. HOLT

This Book Is Presented To The  
Descendants Of The Author  
And His Wife

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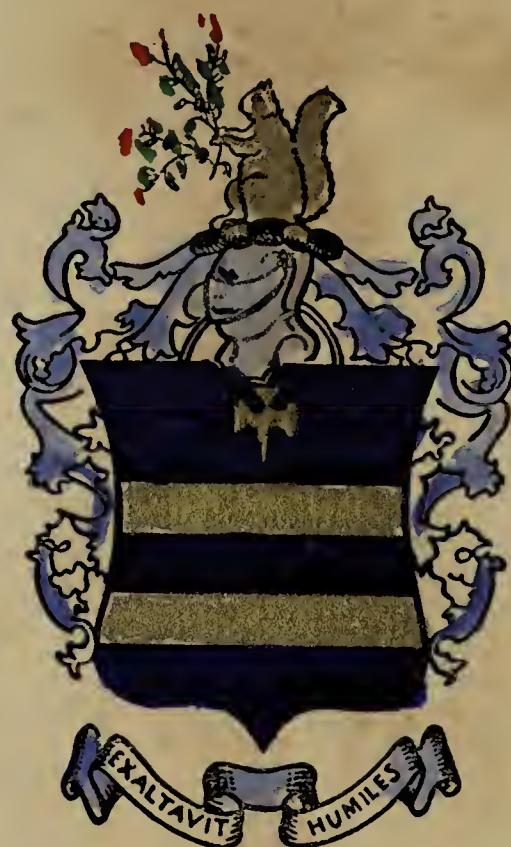


## JESSIE E. HOLT

The Following History of Our Ancestors  
Is Dedicated To The Author's Wife  
At Whose Request And  
With Whose Help  
It Was Written



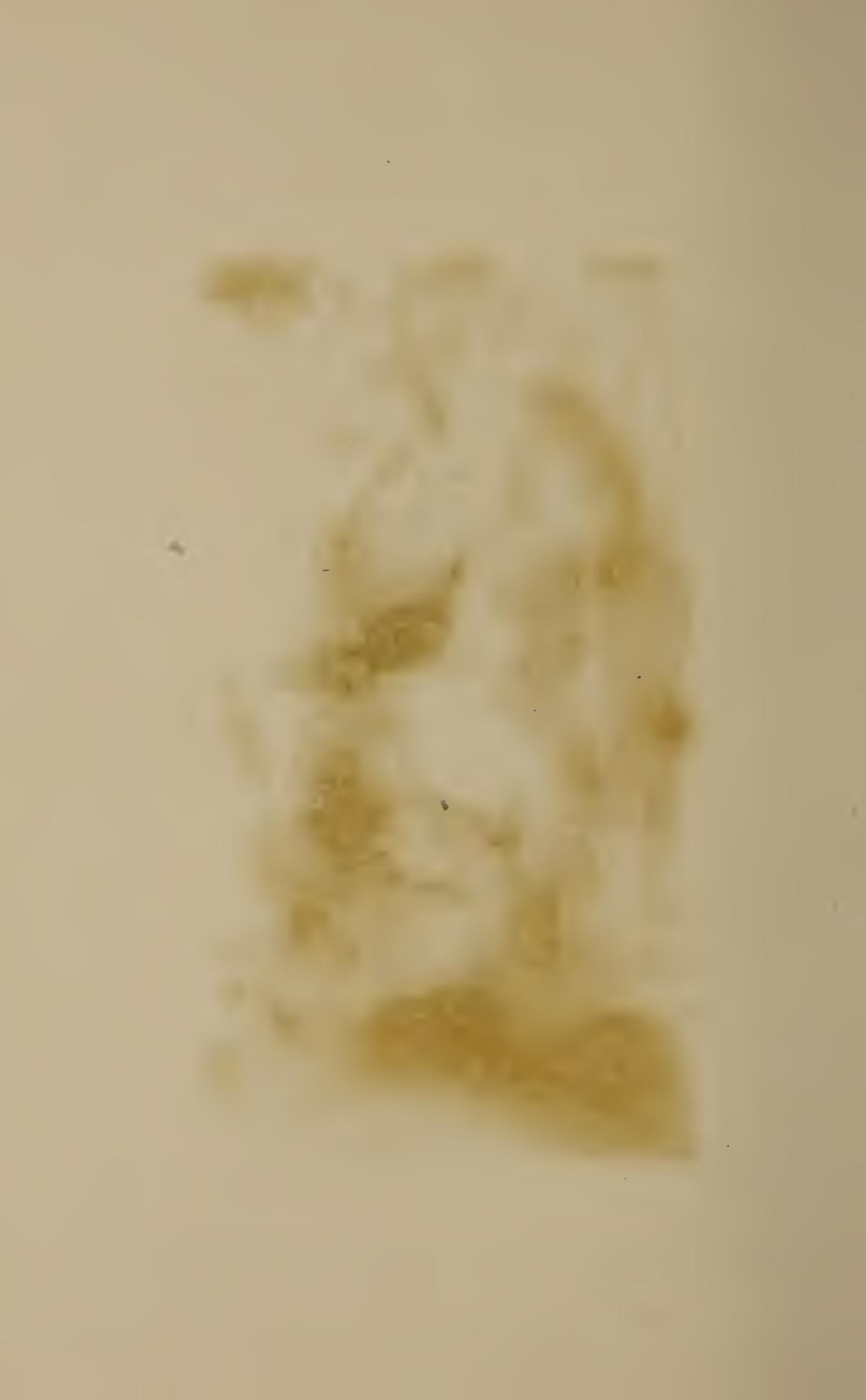
# COATS OF ARMS



Holt



Henn



## PROLOGUE

The world's a stage on which we play,  
Each his own part, its passing day.  
The Prompter gives to each his cue,  
And marks his credit by his due.  
And when the act of each is done  
Death drops the curtain, ends its run.  
But some do play so well their parts,  
In noble lines, with valiant hearts,  
That they do still their parts yet play,  
Nor ever stop with yesterday.  
Those ones forever play their roles  
Where God finds stages for their souls.  
May we who on this mortal stage  
Now play, make sure our souls engage  
In roles like theirs, that we may play  
In lasting parts, like them, for Aye!





## FOREWORD

Before my Dear Wife left me, for that realm in which I shall sometime join her, I promised her I would write the history of our ancestors for our posterity. In the Memorial to her, written heretofore, I recorded the history of her predecessors, so far as it was ascertainable; and I purpose in this book to write the history of mine; that is, such facts in their history as I think will be instructive and inspiring to those who come after.

My readers will learn in the first chapter of this book that the genealogy of the Holt family has already been published and is available, down to and including my father's generation; and that there has been partly written and published, and is planned to be later completed, under the auspices of the Holt Association, another history, as well as genealogy, of the Holts in America, from the landing of our first ancestor in this country down to the present time. Insofar as this history of mine may cover what may be repeated in that yet unpublished portion of that more comprehensive work planned, my reason for writing this record is that there is no certainty that such later work will be published; but if it should be, mayhap this story of mine may furnish data aiding in its compilation, which would otherwise not be available. Moreover, there are facts I wish to relate to my descendants, of particular moment to them, concerning their immediate ancestors, which might be omitted in such later publication.

I have entitled this book "The Holts From Cherry Valley and Their Kin", because it seems to me that the history of our ancestors, including those of my wife, who lived in that village, and those who have lived elsewhere since, furnishes the most important part of our family history, from the view point of our posterity. Doubtless the lives of those predecessors who lived before Cherry Valley furnished interesting annals from which we could draw example and inspiration, but those more recent lives of more immediate ancestors are to my thinking more outstanding, or at least more like the lives of their successors, more indigenous to the environment of those living today and of those who will live hereafter. Besides which, I know much more of the achievements and characters of those ancestors who came from Cherry Valley, than I do of those who lived before; and assuming that all down the line our predecessors exemplified qualities to emulate, I know that those whose stories are told in this recital had such qualities beyond peradventure.

While in its title this book might seem to be limited in purview to the Holts in Cherry Valley and persons of our name since, it is not my purpose to so limit it. Those of other lineages who have joined with us by ties of marriage, and made their contributions to our posterity, are included in this history. They are of our kin, and came to be part of our race, and they will be accorded their proper and rightful places in these annals.

I have divided this history into four chapters, with reference to its chronology; viz: The first, which treats of the Holt family and my wife's ancestors before the time of Cherry Valley; the second, which treats of our

ancestors who lived in that Village; the third, which treats of the members of our families who have lived elsewhere since; and the fourth, which is a commentary addressed to the members of our family in generations of the future. My readers will thus learn something of their ancient lineage and their ancestors before Cherry Valley; more concerning those who lived in that Village; and still more of those who lived afterwards in other places. The last chapter of this book is not historical in content; but it has a purpose and mission which I hope it may accomplish among my descendants.

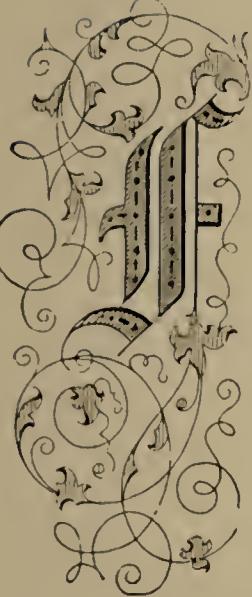
I present this book to the descendants of my Dear Wife and myself, hoping it may prove interesting, and that they may find in the lives of those who preceeded them much in the way of example, to inspire them in their own lives lived hereafter.

Elijah W. Holt



# Chapter I

## BEFORE CHERRY VALLEY



or reasons already stated in the preceding Foreword, it has seemed to me that the part of our family history which began with our ancestors' advent in the historic Village of Cherry Valley will be the part most interesting to our descendants, and the proper starting point in this narrative. But I want those who come after me to know something at least of the earlier annals of their race.

There is much in the lives of their predecessors in America in the preceding generations, before the days of Cherry Valley, to merit recording. Those predecessors were of the people who helped to bring to our country, in its early period, the thrift and character which assured its growth, and permanence later as a nation, than which no other nation has made more rapid progress or advanced upon more beneficent lines. And I want our posterity to know something also of their more ancient antecedents, who lived in that mother country to which we trace our lineage, and from which we derive our language, our laws, our religion and largely what culture we are fortunate to possess. There is no race on earth which has done more than the English to aid in the material and cultural progress of humanity, and we

should be proud to claim old England as the place of the origin of those from whom we originated.

I mentioned in my Foreword that we are fortunate in possessing a published genealogy of our Holt ancestors in America. It was compiled about the time of our Civil War, by that well known genealogist and historian Mr. Durrie. About the time of the publication of that work there was formed in this country what was known as "The Holt Association", which may be designated as the first association of that name, to distinguish it from one later organized. Mr. Durrie refers to such first Association in his book, and I also know about it from other sources. It was formed, and functioned for a considerable time, for the purpose of establishing the claim of the Holts in this country as heirs to the estate of Lord John Holt, the famous Chief Justice of England. I may be wrong, but I assume that it was at the instigation of that Association that Mr. Durrie carried on his laborious investigation necessary in the compilation of his Holt genealogy; for his researches were most thorough and his work most complete; and I can not conceive how he would have been willing to carry on such a stupendous undertaking, occupying several years of his time, except upon the assurance of ample remuneration. He carried our family tree back to Nicholas Holt, our first ancestor who came to this country in the year 1635, and up to and including my grandfather and his children born in the early years of the 19th century. The record covers over two hundred years, and a total of over three thousand persons who descended during that period from said original American progenitor. Nor was the author satisfied to begin with Nicholas, for he searched the records back over several generations preceding him in

England, and in the preface of his book includes their genealogy.

Unfortunately for the purpose for which said first Holt Association was formed, Mr. Durrie's researches disclosed that in Lord Chief Justice Holt's time there were two prominent and titled families of our name in England, apparently not so related as to establish heirship between them; and that our ancestors did not belong to Lord Holt's branch. But though I am forced to conclude that we can never share in the Chief Justice's estate, we can nevertheless be proud to possess his name, a name made notable for all time by his contribution to the jurisprudence of the mother country, and that of our own which descended from it. Mr. Durrie's book contains an interesting commentary upon Chief Justice Holt, emphasizing not only his learning, but also his humane sense of justice and the courage of his convictions. He did not hesitate to stand by such convictions, in his rulings as Chief Justice, even in the face of Governmental displeasure; and he did much to ameliorate the harsher concepts of the common law and mould it into principles which were consistent with justice and equity. Those of my descendants who may follow me in the profession of law will do well to review the life of Lord Holt and profit by his example. And if any of them should have the opportunity, as I did, to visit Lincoln's Inn, they should not fail to view his portrait, which hangs in the Chapter House of that ancient seat of legal learning in the City of London.

I imagine that in that distant past in which our family name originated all of that name owed it to some common ancestor. If we trace back the origin of family

names we find that many originated from either the vocations in which the members of the families were engaged, or the localities in which they lived. Witness for instance the Smiths, Carpenters, Brewers, Tinkers et cetera, as names indicating trades, and the Hills, Brooks, Meadows, Lakes, Woods and others as names indicating places of residence. In old English a wooded hill was called a "holt"; and we may therefore conclude that our first progenitors who were dignified with a name lived on some elevated spot covered with trees. This conclusion gains further support from the fact that our family coat of arms is surmounted by the figure of a squirrel; for it is well known that those animals have always sought their habitations in trees preferably located upon high ground. Thus we may deduce that even way back in our ancestry our family aspired to the heights and were not content to abide in low places; and I trust that we may apply this to the spiritual, as well as the physical, inclinations of the members of our family in all times.

Mr. Durrie's genealogy is entitled "The Holt Family in America". I have a copy of it to hand down to my descendants, and copies may be found in the State Library at Albany, and I assume in other state libraries. He was at one time the State Historian and Genealogist of Wisconsin and at another time filled that position in one of the New England states. He compiled not only a genealogy of the Holts but also one of the Steele family, to which my wife's mother belonged; and I imagine he may have written others. In perusing the family trees of the Holts and Steeles I discovered that he was related by marriage to both families. We owe him a great debt of gratitude for compiling for us so

comprehensive a genealogical record as very few families in this country are fortunate enough to possess.

It would appear from Mr. Durrie's research that our ancestor Nicholas was the last of his family in England, for no other successors of his generation are recorded in his book. But be that as it may, his record does disclose that Nicholas, who was the last born of his family, survived as our progenitor. There may have been descendants of other members of the family; but I conclude not, for the reason that the family coat of arms is indicated in the records of the College of Heralds as having become extinct within Nicholas' generation. It is recognized in those records for generations down to and including his, but not afterwards. By the rule of the College, as I understand, it could pass only to descendants who remained English citizens; and those descendants having all died, the arms would expire also. But that rule is not recognized in our country where successors of families holding coats of arms in England claim and continue them here. And by right this should be so, for the honors conferred upon ancestors in that country should pass on to those worthy of succession in any country to which the descendants of the English ancestor removed. In the frontispiece of this book I have included both the Holt arms and those of my wife's family, the Henns', printed in the designs and colors in which the heraldic record shows them. Both speak of ancient grants, for they both contain the insignia of the Crusades.

Shortly before the First World War a second Holt Association was organized in this country; not for the purpose of renewing the attempt to claim Lord Holt's

estate, but for the more commendable purpose of perpetuating our family history and strengthening the bonds of kinship. I became a member not long after the Association began to function. It includes in its membership many well known persons of our name and of our kin in America. For several years the Association published yearly a family magazine, held annual dinners in New York City, and annual summer gatherings at homes of prominent members. One of those gatherings was held at the home where Nicholas himself lived at Andover, Massachusetts, and in the house which he himself erected about three hundred years ago. The house has been enlarged and modernized, but the main part of it has been preserved in its original features. It now belongs to one of the descendants of its original builder.

### »» Holt Ancestors ««

I mentioned in my Foreword that the first volume had been published in a history planned to relate the story of the Holt family from the time of Nicholas to the present, and that it was planned to follow that volume with others. The first book was published by the Association; but when the depression of 1929 occurred it could not finance subsequent volumes. I hope that eventually the plan may be revived and consummated. The first volume covers the first three generations of Nicholas' descendants. Its chapters were written by members of our family, contain a subject matter most interesting, and reflect a fine literary style; and the book contains a number of illustrations, including a picture of Nicholas' home in its present condition. I have a copy of the first volume, and I

assume other copies may be found among the Association's members.

In Buffalo we are fortunate in having the Grosvenor Library, said to contain more genealogical works than most repositories. There you will find the Steele genealogy and the New Jersey genealogical book mentioned by me in my wife's Memorial. I plan to give to the Library a copy of such Memorial and a copy of this history when it is published.

About the time of Nicholas Holt's arrival in America there came here also one William Holt, from England; who likewise settled in the Massachusetts colony. Mr. Durrie's book covers his descendants as well as those of Nicholas. I am unable to learn anything of William's antecedents, and so can not connect him with the family from which Nicholas stemmed. Anyway, he was not our ancestor, and therefore his posterity is outside the purview of this history.

Tradition tells us that the Holts in the United States are divided into two classes with respect to the parts of the country in which they settled, those of the north and those of the south; that the Holts of the north are fair skinned, while those of the south have a darker complexion; but that one facial characteristic is usually to be found in both strains, viz: the Holt nose; a nose rather long and large, but not disfiguring. I have myself observed that such facial characteristic appears in many of our name whom I have known. In physique the Holts are usually fairly tall, and mostly persons of perhaps more than ordinary physical vitality; and as a rule they are long lived. I think I may truthfully say that most, if not all, and certainly all so far as I have ever learned,

of our ancestors, were persons of good repute; industrious and ambitious folk; who were firm in their religious convictions, and just and law abiding. I have never known or heard of any who were cowardly or unreliable. Those I have known have always been ready to fight for the principles which they espoused. Those I have known were also men and women of moral courage as well as physical, ready to meet with fortitude whatever calamity fate might bring them, sustained by a reasoned philosophy and a faith which visioned Divine dispensation and help in every trial, and Divine guidance which would ultimately assure them, either here or hereafter, a happy issue out of all their troubles.

I believe that I have covered all which need be written concerning those ancestors of the name of Holt who lived and died before our more immediate ancestors came to Cherry Valley.

### »» Henn and Hudson Ancestors ««

But so far I have written nothing concerning the earlier ancestors of my Dear Wife. The example and inspiration she has contributed to our posterity will be invaluable, beyond the power of words to measure, and our descendants should therefore know what I am able to tell them about the families from which she descended, in their annals antedating the days of Cherry Valley, as well as since.

I have not been able to find any genealogical record of the Henn family in America; I assume for the reason that the family was new in this country when your ancestor Bernhart Henn the First lived in Cherry Valley. Nor have I been able to find any complete genealogical

record of the Hudsons, who were also ancestors of my wife. Such records as I did find relating to the Henns show them to have been an ancient family in Wales, and afterwards in England. The coat of arms pictured herein was granted to one of the family who was a prominent English physician many generations ago.

The first American Hudson who became one of my wife's ancestors was Ephraim the First of Cherry Valley. He came to America directly from England some time before the Revolutionary war. Other Hudsons arrived in this country long before that time, but my researches failed to disclose whether he was related to them. The tradition of Ephraim's branch of the family is that he was a descendant of Henry Hudson, the famous navigator, or of one of his family. Ephraim's son, the second Ephraim, married Anna Claus, who was of Dutch descent, and who came from some Holland Dutch settlement near Albany, New York. Ephraim the Second was a captain in the Colonial Army, in Colonel Schuyler's regiment. My wife became a Daughter of the American Revolution upon his military record.

In the next following chapter it will be related how, following the Revolution, my wife's ancestors, Bernhart Henn the First, and the two Ephraim Hudsons, father and son, and my ancestor grandfather Elijah Holt, all located in Cherry Valley. And how the Henns and Hudsons became thereafter united in kinship by marriage, thus forming the first link in that chain which a century afterwards joined all three families together in kinship by the marriage of my Dear One and myself.

As I have already stated, my wife's mother was a Steele, Jennie Steele of Louisville, Kentucky. Mr. Durrie,

as we have seen, did publish the genealogy of her family; but his researches did not reach to her time. However, in his work, and also in the other work referred to in my wife's Memorial, is traced the Steele family from its existence as a prominent ancient clan, located at Lesmagahow, Scotland, through the time of its persecution in that country because of its principles; and to the emigration of many of its members as the result of such persecution, first to Ireland and finally to America. We read in those two books of the high standing of the family in this country, wherever its members located. A number of them were outstanding scholars and writers and held high positions in American institutions of learning. They came to our shores imbued with the convictions for which their antecedents had suffered persecution in their mother land; and by reason of such principles they became strong advocates of enlightenment and liberty in this country. They thus contributed to our posterity a strength of character which will be an invaluable quality down through the generations to come. I shall have more to say later on concerning Mother Henn, as well as Father Henn, and their immediate ancestors, but their history properly belongs in a subsequent chapter of this book.

I think, my dear descendants, that I have covered, at least as far as I am able, our more ancient lineage in the families mentioned. So let us pass on to the next chapter of this chronicle.







The Hudson Homestead at  
Cherry Valley

## Chapter II

# IN CHERRY VALLEY



ome forty years before the American Revolution Cherry Valley was the western-most settlement, measured from the Atlantic coast line, of white people in America; and it is interesting to note that the first settler there, a Scotchman by the name of Lindesay, built his home on the very site where some fifty years later your ancestor the First Ephraim Hudson built his house, which is still standing on that same site today. The Lindesay property, some time before the Revolution, passed to a family by the name of Wells, who all perished in the Cherry Valley massacre in 1778, except one son then in the Poughkeepsie college. Just when the Hudsons acquired the property does not appear, but it was shortly after the termination of the Revolution and as near as I can ascertain about 1790. And Bernhart Henn the First, and my grand-father Elijah Holt, and his brother Colonel Lester Holt, came to Cherry Valley about the same time; though I imagine the Hudsons and Holts arrived some time before the Henns.

The house occupied by the Wells was burned, as were most of the dwellings then standing, at the time of the massacre; and the Hudson house was erected where

it had stood, on the knoll later known as Willow Hill, at the southern edge of the present village. About the same time the Holt dwelling was built, on the same side of the main highway, the next house to the north of the Hudson's; and the house of great grandfather Bernhart Henn was erected, probably some time later, on the same side of the highway some distance to the south of the Hudson house, not far outside the village confines. When the three houses were built and for some time afterwards there were no other houses standing between them; so that the three families were next door neighbors during such period. In fact, the farms of the families adjoined.

The Hudson house is large and imposing, and was when built one of the finest dwellings in the locality; and even today it is one of the noticeable landmarks of the countryside. It was visited by my Dear Wife and myself first in 1910, when it was owned by a Mr. Phelan, whose family acquired it, as I understand, from the Hudsons. When we went through it on that visit it contained many pieces of fine antique furniture, which Mr. Phelan informed us had formerly belonged to the Hudsons. The main hallway into which the front outside door opens was decorated on both sides with oil paintings, on canvas covered walls, of scenes in ancient Rome and Athens, said to have been painted in England when the house was built, and which were still in a perfect state of preservation at the time of our visit. We visited the house again on a later visit to Cherry Valley, and once more a year or so preceding my Dear Wife's death; but at the last visit found it closed; though we could see through the windows that many of the old pieces of furniture yet remained in it. The

house is located upon what was the farm of the Hudsons, a tract of fine rolling land, on which tradition says herds of imported English cattle roamed when the Hudsons owned the property. Apparently the house has not been altered in any way in all the one hundred and fifty years since it was built, and looks today just as it did when Ephraim Hudson the First occupied it. It is a fine old residence, and speaks for the character and prominence of its builder, your ancestor of the long gone past. A good picture of it will be found in this book.

The Henn dwelling was much more modest in its original state, and after some additions still remains only a typical farm house; but its owner, the first Bernhart Henn, was nevertheless an outstanding citizen of the community in those early days.

The Holt dwelling, though not as large or architectural as the Hudson's, was originally a substantial though plain home; and since recent improvements is modern in appearance. It stands opposite the cemetery, within a stone's throw of the site of the stockade fort of Revolutionary days, and also a few rods only from the burial lots of your three ancestral families. The members of those families were not only next door neighbors in life, but likewise in death; for the three burial lots are in a row adjoining each other.

It is a most unusual coincidence that the predecessors of my Dear Wife and myself, neighbors and associates a century and a half ago, should have come in our lifetimes to be common ancestors of you who follow us. After that association in Cherry Valley three-quarters of a century elapsed before my wife and I met; and it

was some years after our marriage that we came to know that long past connection between the Holts, Hudsons and Henns.

Ephraim Hudson the Second had a daughter Ann, who was the wife of the first Bernhart Henn; from which I conclude that such first Bernhart was one generation younger than the Hudson's and that he was a later settler. A silhouette of Ann Hudson is in the possession of my son Bernhart, and should be treasured as an heirloom of our family. Bernhart Henn the First had two sons; Bernhart the Second, who early in his life moved to Fairfield, Iowa, and became a prominent citizen of that town and eventually a United States senator from that State; and Daniel, who became a doctor, moved to Westfield, New York, and practiced in that village until his death, which occurred in his forties. It is another coincidence in our family history that about the time that Doctor Henn located in Westfield my maternal grandparents also located there, and were friends of the Doctor and his wife. Indeed, I rather surmise that the Doctor may have been my grandparents' physician, and likely assisted professionally in ushering my mother into the world. The Doctor had but one child, Bernhart Henn the Third, the father of my Dear Wife. From the data furnished me by her I note that the Doctor's mother, Ann Hudson, lived with him at Westfield after her husband's death and died there in either 1842 or 1852 and was buried in Cherry Valley. Her age at death was 73 years.

Whether the original Bernhart Henn had any descendants other than the sons mentioned I do not know; but he had a sister Katharine, who lived at Cherry Valley

in her youth, and who later married into the Ernst family of Cooperstown. Her descendants are now represented by cousin Anna Bolton of that place, and by her son Theodore and his children.

Bernhart Henn the Second, the senator from Iowa, left a daughter, cousin Kitty Bissell, now deceased; whose sole descendant is a son, now living at Montclair, New Jersey.

I have been unable to learn much of the Hudson descendants outside of your ancestors. Two daughters of one of the Ephraim's, Deborah and Lucretia, both spinsters, lived in Westfield when Doctor Henn lived there. Another descendant, a Miss Tunnecliffe, lived at Richfield Springs in 1910, where my wife and I found her at the time of our first trip to Cherry Valley. And other descendants are mentioned in my Dear Wife's Memorial, but none very close in relationship.

Of those ancestors, Grandfather Holt, the two Ephraim Hudsons and Bernhart Henn, who all lived in Cherry Valley, I shall have more to relate presently. But let me digress at this point to tell you something of the village itself and its history.

There are few towns which played a more important part in the early history of our country than did Cherry Valley. Today the village is just another of hundreds like it, small, quiet, quaint and by-passed in the march of progress. But it has traditions which reach back into those years when it was one of the principal outposts in that march, one of the active factors in the progress of the settlement of the great outlying territory which is today the United States of America. It was not far west of the early settlements along the Hudson, nearby

the Mohawk Valley and its settlements to the north, and but a few miles from Otsego lake and Cooperstown to the south-west; and still more important, it lay on the main road of travel to the western sections of New York State, then opening up to settlement. The challenge which the spirit of the pioneer always accepts, and which leads him on, ever on, into regions beyond, brought to Cherry Valley its earlier settlers, and among them your ancestors. The valley was, and yet is, a pleasant country, of rolling land, rich in agricultural resources. The Hudsons, Holts and Henns were farmers, and the locality appealed to them for that reason. The first Ephraim was also a distiller, and presumably made some of his product from his own grain. The Holts were not only farmers, but were also engaged in the business of tanning, at least at the time of Grandfather Holt's sojourn in the village, and perhaps before.

Cherry Valley became first historically famous because of the tragic massacre which occurred there in 1778, when Butler and Brant, and their Indian horde, as allies of the British, murdered many of the settlers and destroyed their homes. A year or so later the Indians returned again and completed their work of destruction. All of the some sixty dwellings of the settlers then extending along the valley, from the Lindsey or Wells farm northerly, were as the result of the two raids completely wiped from the terrain; and the locality then became and continued a wilderness until the termination of the Revolution, and the return of the original home owners, those left of them, to the settlement. Even the fort, which sheltered a few of the settlers at the time of the massacre, was destroyed in the second raid of the Indians. At the time when your

ancestors settled in the village, it had, however, become rejuvenated, and was, or was shortly to be, the most prosperous settlement west of Albany. It had several taverns, a grist and saw mill, a distillery, tannery, and facilities for the repair and making of wagons used by the pioneers travelling farther westward. Moreover, it maintained a college attended by pupils from the surrounding country, presided over by the Reverend Eliphalet Nott, pastor of the Presbyterian Church in the village; a gentleman said to have possessed a fine classical education and who was later the President of Union College, Schenectady. The village was a stopping off and outfitting post for thousands of travellers moving through it bound for the central and western parts of our state and the states of the middle west beyond; and it rapidly became a very prosperous community.

It is interesting to note also that in those days when your ancestors lived there and helped in the development of Cherry Valley, it had among its citizens able and prominent professional men. Among them was a physician, Doctor Joseph White, whose practice extended from the Hudson river into the western settlements of our state. He married a sister of Grandfather Holt and upon her death another sister, so that their descendants are members of our kin. The village had also a number of lawyers well known in our state in the first half of the nineteenth century. Among them was Alvin Stewart, recognized as one of the most able practitioners of his time. And I mention him particularly because he was related to our family, having married a Miss Holt, who I think was a daughter of Colonel Lester Holt, the brother of Grandfather Elijah. Mrs. Stewart was there-

fore a distant cousin of mine and yours.

Mr. John Sawyer, who was when my wife and I visited Cherry Valley in 1910 still living, wrote and published a history of the village. It contains an interesting account of the massacre, and of the subsequent history of the town and its more prominent citizens, from its earliest days down to recent years. It mentions your ancestors, all of them, and relates the parts they played in the development of the community; and recites a number of interesting facts concerning them which will give you a more intimate insight into their characters than this history presents. I recommend that you read the book in connection with this history of mine. I have a copy which I procured from the author at the time of our first visit to the village; and the book may be found also in the State Library at Albany. Mr. Sawyer went with my Dear Wife and myself and assisted us in our investigations into your ancestors' annals; and his assistance was most helpful. He has since passed away. Another interesting history of Cherry Valley is Mr. Campbell's "History of Tryon County", which county comprised that part of the state in earlier years. It too, like Mr. Sawyer's book, also refers to the prominent persons who lived in the locality in that period. Mr. Campbell's book may also be found in the State Library. The author was, by the way, a resident of Cherry Valley, and the son of Judge Campbell, who was a resident at the time of the massacre and a prisoner of the Indians.

### »» Major Cox ««

We still have a member of our family living in Cherry Valley, in the person of Abraham B. Cox. Mr. Cox's

great great grandfather was the famous Dr. Joseph White, whom I mentioned above; and he, Mr. Cox, descended from Deborah Holt, the second of the doctor's wives. He was a major in the First World war; is a lawyer and civil engineer by profession; and the proprietor of a large dairy farm at Cherry Valley. His home, called "Glensfoot", was the former residence of Doctor White. A member of the famous Livingston family, owners of Livingston Manor, was one of Mr. Cox's ancestors. One of that family was Robert Livingston, the noted Chancellor of New York State in early days. It is interesting to note that Mr. Cox's farm was formerly owned by one Horatio Holt, one of our family. Mr. Cox never married; so there will be no descendants of his to read this short biography of him; but I am sure it will be interesting to my descendants. Like myself, Mr. Cox has a penchant for versification and composed the poetical subject matter of the Cherry Valley Sesqui-Centennial held in July, 1927. A Program of the event, and the songs and music of the occasion, also composed by Mr. Cox, may be found in my scrap books. I owe much to his help in the way of data furnished for this history.

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While Mr. Cox was admitted to practice law, his genius ran rather to Engineering. He is a member of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers and the Society of Automotive Engineers, and belongs to several Societies of Military Engineers.

»» Elijah Holt and His Wife Mary Adams ««

I assume that Grandfather Holt was interested with his brother Lester in the tanning and farming

businesses above mentioned until he removed to Buffalo in 1813. That he was also interested in the political affairs of the time appears from the fact that he was a member of the State Assembly as the Tryon County representative in the year 1805 and perhaps also in other years. A woodcut picture of the members of the Assembly in that year has come down to us, and is in my possession to be passed on to you. It contains his and the portraits of a number of the other prominent men of that period who were co-members of the same legislature; including Mr. Clinton, who later became Governor of our State. One of the Clinton descendants, the present George Clinton, Jr., of Buffalo, is one of my very close friends, as his predecessor was of my grandfather one hundred and fifty years ago.

Grandfather Holt was one of the founders of the first Anglican church in Cherry Valley, and he and Ephraim Hudson the Second were its first wardens; while Great Grandfather Henn acted as its first Clerk. Major Cox is now a Warden in the same church. Grandfather Holt seems to have changed in his religious affiliations after he moved to Buffalo, for we find him there to have been one of the organizers of the First Presbyterian Church, the first of that denomination in Buffalo. The early annals of Buffalo tell us that his predilections were strongly puritanical and that he was instrumental in passing the first blue laws in the city ordinances relating to sabbath observance. Mr. Sawyer's history and also the early Buffalo annals speak of him as "General Holt", and as having been prominently connected with military activities preceding and during the war of 1812, both in Cherry Valley and Buffalo. He had charge of militia training in Buffalo after he came there to

live. However, I can find no record of his active fighting service in either the Revolution or the War of 1812; though he may have been actively engaged in one or both in some capacity. My sister Alice appears to have based her credentials as a Daughter of the Revolution upon the record of Captain Parker, one of our maternal ancestors, and not on the record of any of the Holts.

Grandfather Holt was twice married, and later in this narrative I shall include the record from Mr. Durrie's book of the births, and marriages of his children, by both wives. His first wife may have died before he located in Cherry Valley; and his second wife, your ancestress, perhaps came to that village with him; anyway, later, she lived with him in Buffalo. My father, George Washington Holt, was the last born of his children, and the only one born at Buffalo, during 1813, the same year that his parents arrived here. It was in that same year that Buffalo was burned by the British in the War of 1812.

Both Ephraim Hudsons are spoken of in Mr. Sawyer's history as having been judges; I assume local magistrates, as neither was an admitted attorney. The second Ephraim was also supervisor of his township. I am sure that Grandfather Holt and the two Hudsons, with Dr. White, were co-workers in all constructive ways and means by which their village, and the State also, prospered. I assume that they consulted with Washington, the Clintons and other statemen of the period, when those men visited Cherry Valley, as history relates they did from time to time, to confer upon problems of state.

Major Cox has published a very interesting booklet entitled "Recollections of Grandma-Aunty Cornelia Beekman Swartz", which may be found among my

papers. In it that aged aunt reminiscenced concerning many of the early residents of Cherry Valley, and told interesting events in its history. She mentioned the Hudsons, Holts and Henns; and also the Beekman and Livingston families, and others prominent in the early history of our State. If your ancestors could come back I know that they too could add much to the story which I am trying to relate, of the parts they played in the stirring events of that early time. I recommend that my readers peruse Major Cox's book, which is witty and humorous as well as instructive.

The two Hudsons and their wives, and the first Bernhart Henn, died in Cherry Valley and were buried in its historic cemetery next to the Holt lot.

Of Grandmother Holt's family tree I know nothing, except that she was Mary Adams and lived in Pomfret, Connecticut, when she and Grandfather were married. The Adams name speaks for a good ancestry; though whether she sprang from any of the family who were prominent in the early history of our country I am not informed. I regret I did not learn more of her and Grandfather when my father and Uncle Nelson were living; but we are not as a rule interested in ancestry in our younger years and I let the opportunity go by. That Grandmother Holt was a woman of courageous character is evidenced by her willingness to follow her husband in his adventures into pioneer territory. That she was sustained by strong religious convictions I have no doubt, for after the death of Uncle Nelson Holt I found among his keepsakes his mother's bible in which she had written this inscription "To Nelson upon my death". The penmanship indicates her familiarity with writing; and tradition tells us that she was possessed

of more than ordinary education and refinement. Grandmother Holt died in 1820, so that her handwriting in the bible is now one hundred and twenty-five years old at least. It was almost illegible when I found it, and to preserve the form of the letters I traced them over in ink. The book was printed some years before Grandmother's death, and so is a real old heirloom; and I trust that my descendants will preserve it as a sacred memento of her and the past.

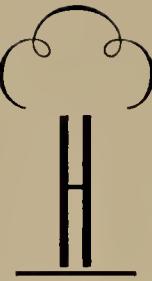
I can relate little more, if anything, concerning your ancestors' lives in Cherry Valley. My Dear Wife's Memorial and Mr. Sawyer's History will supply whatever is lacking on the subject in this history. We have seen that Grandfather Holt left Cherry Valley in 1813 for Buffalo, and that Grandfather Daniel Henn moved to Westfield some years later; and in the next chapter I shall follow them to those places and tell of their experiences in those new homes. So let us respond now to the call of the pioneers, "Westward, Ho!" and pass on to the next chapter. However, before we do that, let us linger for a brief reflection.

We of today, and you of tomorrow, can only partially vision the kind of lives our forefathers lived in the early days of which I am writing. It is most difficult for us to realize the hardships of those ancestors of ours in Cherry Valley, and more particularly afterwards in the Village of Buffalo, and the wilderness which is now Chautauqua County, back in the years of 1790, during the war of 1812, and even later. When Grandfather Holt and the Hudsons and the Henns settled in Cherry Valley heart-rending recollections of the massacre of 1778 were still fresh in the minds of everyone. And when Grandfather Holt came to Buffalo in 1813 the echoes of

the Indian War Cry had hardly ceased to reverberate from the shores of the Niagara, and the homes of those but a short time before that same year burned by the British, were still smoldering in their ashes. The communities in which those grandparents of ours found themselves were reached from other communities by almost impassable roads through swamps and forests, and oftentimes wagon transportation over the roads was impossible except when they were frozen hard enough in winter to keep vehicles from bogging down in the water saturated earth. The necessities of life were in many instances impossible to obtain. Medical treatment, in cases of serious illness or accident, might be days in becoming available, if it could be had at all. It is told in Mr. Sawyer's History how Dr. White often rode on horseback from Cherry Valley to the western part of the state to treat patients, distances greater than a hundred miles away. There were no transportation facilities except the saddle horse and the ox team until years later. There were no courts to administer law except those long distances removed. There were none of the inventions then which now make work in the home and on the farm easy and expeditious; no stoves, lamps, washing machines or farm machinery. The axe, saw, plough, hoe and spade were the only tools with which the settler could build his house or till his land. And churches and schools were rarely found. Yet with all such handicaps and through the welter of danger and privation which beset those forbears of ours, they lived and survived, built their homes, reared their families, established their villages, and maintained their ideals. They did not succumb to their trials or abandon their principles, but steadfastly played their parts in laying

the foundations of the great comonwealth which they passed on to us to enjoy; in which we, with a minimum of danger and effort in our times, live in security and comfort. I have wondered sometimes if we today possess the strength of character which carried our valiant ancestors through their period of trial and privation. But when I see the young men of this generation rise in our present crisis above the selfish and softening environment of the present time, and go so bravely forth as millions have, to offer their lives that the ideals of their forefathers may be preserved, I am reassured. I am convinced that deep down in the souls of the present generation may be found the same courage and idealism which made strong and invincible the souls of their forbears. And I can not but believe that below the seeming softness and lack of steadfastness of the present youth of our country there exists, to be called forth in time of need, that heredity of faith and character passed on by those who went before, and who gave to us the liberty and opportunity which our generation is now defending. We pause and look back into the past and then on into the future, and we are not afraid.





Grim and unsearched the forests reared  
Their barriers; yet no one feared  
What lay within. Our fathers trod  
The wilderness, and trusted God.  
Beset by want and hidden foes;  
Upheld by courage through their woes;  
Nor haunted by vain discontent;  
They gained a mighty continent.  
Upon the altar which they raised  
The living flame has ever blazed—  
Nor shall its light we fail to see—  
The sacred flame of Liberty.  
Our fathers toil each one well wrought;  
Each lived his trust, and each one fought,  
With high resolve, undaunted zeal,  
To found our glorious commonweal.  
“Dust unto dust” their bodies lay,  
But in the glow of afterday  
Their spirits lead us in our quest  
To keep their sacred trust, nor rest.  
If at a time when Fate decrees,  
Should alien foes across the seas  
Cast on our shores their battle gage,  
We will defend our heritage.  
With might of faith and force of arms,  
Invincible against alarms,  
Strong in a cause we know is just,  
We will fulfill our fathers’ trust.





The Holt Homestead at  
Westfield

## Chapter III

# AFTER CHERRY VALLEY



t will be difficult for you, my readers, if you are familiar with the City of Buffalo as it is today, to picture it as the small village it was when Grandfather Holt arrived here in 1813. When the British and Indians burned Buffalo in that year it was a frontier settlement, clustered around the Terrace and the foot of Main Street, with the homes spread out towards Black Rock. A battery then stood on the bank at the foot of what is now Massachusetts Avenue, commanding the river and the shore of Canada; and during the attack upon the settlement the citizen soldiers fought the invaders on the site of the present church of St. Marys-on-the-Hill, on the corner of Niagara and Vermont Streets, where my Dear One and I were married eighty-two years later. If Grandfather arrived in the village before it was burned he must have joined in the exodus of the residents out Main Street to Williamsville, or out the other turnpike along the lake shore. I think, however, that he arrived shortly after the burning and the return of the invaders to Canada; and thus his first view of his future home must have been most forlorn, a picture of the fire ravaged and uninhabited town. It betokened a courageous soul,

with a true vision of the future, which held him here, to remain and help to lay the new foundations upon which this Queen City of the Lakes was built. General Louis Babcock, in his interesting book "The Niagara Frontier in the War of 1812", gives us a view of Buffalo as it must have first appeared to Grandfather. My father, born in that year of the family's advent in the village, told me something of the conditions existing a few years afterwards, when he became old enough to observe them. The town had then grown considerably, but was still only a village. He recalled that it was a common sight to see Indians on Main Street clad only in breech clouts. He could have contributed many interesting facts relating to the early history of the town; but he was not much given to reminiscence; and I suppose he thought that I was not much interested in events of the past at that time, which was likewise true. Father was in no respect an antiquarian. It was the future, not the past, which he visioned throughout his life—the building up of commerce and industry; and his thoughts were always centered upon those things of the present which augured for greater things to come later on. When Grand-mother Holt died in 1820 Father was but seven years of age, and his recollections of her were not very distinct; and while Grandfather died some years later Father was still too young to have much of an understanding of Grandfather's personality. My uncle Nelson was older and therefore better able to know his parents' outstanding characteristics, and he might have told me much about them, but I never seemed to have the opportunity to learn much from him on the subject. I must confess that it was more my fault than his that I did not. What

I do know about Grandfather may be summed up in the statement, that in Buffalo, as in Cherry Valley, he was an outstanding member of the community, prominent in military affairs, in church activities and in the industrial development of the locality, and that he was universally respected.

Upon Grandmother Holt's demise her burial was in the old North Street cemetery; but when Forest Lawn Cemetery was opened Father and Uncle Nelson purchased the Holt lot there and removed Grandmother's remains to that lot, where they now rest. At that time the obelisk monument now standing on the lot was erected in Grandmother's memory. Since then Uncle Nelson's wife and their infant son, and Uncle himself, and also his two sons Seymour and Charles, and Seymour's son Roderick, his only child, have been buried on the lot. My sister Alice and my Dear Wife also rest there; and also the infant daughter of my son George, who died at birth. The ashes of our dear friends Dr. and Mrs. Frank H. Field are also buried there; and the body of another friend, Mr. Fareed Naseef, is also interred on the lot.

After the death of all of Uncle Nelson's family except cousin Roderick, the latter conveyed to me Uncle's one-half ownership in the lot, reserving only his own right of burial. And after Roderick's death I conducted a probate of heirship proceeding in our Buffalo Surrogate's Court and entered a decree adjudging title in myself to both my Father's and Uncle Nelson's ownership. The records of the Forest Lawn Association show that I am now the sole owner. The lot has room for fourteen more burials; and my descendants and their wives and husbands are entitled to be interred upon it. The

inscriptions on the central monument cover all of the burials to date, including an inscription for myself, and fill all the panels so far prepared for the purpose; but there is still room for a few additional inscriptions if the base of the monument is tooled for that purpose.

### »» Grandfather Elijah Holt, Continued ««

Grandfather Holt died in Cherry Valley in 1826, while upon a visit to his brother Lester, and was buried on the family lot there; and a monument was there erected to him, which is still standing. My own parents and maternal grandparents, and my two brothers who died in infancy, are buried on the family lot in Westfield.

Of Grandfather Holt's business activities in Buffalo I have been able to learn little. I do know that he owned at one time a large farm comprising what is now the Parkside district and part at least of Delaware Park. The quarry in the Park was part of the farm and may have been opened by him. Oft times in the examination of titles in Parkside, I have run across Grandfather's name in the foretitle. The farm appears to have passed into another ownership at an early day. I have been informed that the old Holt homestead, somewhere out Main Street, passed to the Ensign family; and that Williams Ensign, a son of that family and a grandson of Grandfather, operated the quarry in later years in connection with his contracting business. He, Williams, was a prosperous contractor and used a large quantity of stone in his extensive construction work. I have never been able to fix the exact location of the Holt home on Main Street, but I understand that it was in existence into recent years. It may even be standing today, though I think this is doubtful.

As already stated, Grandfather Holt was twice married, and later in this book I shall include the record from Mr. Durrie's data of the births and marriages of his children. As stated hereinbefore, his first wife evidently died before he came to Cherry Valley, or not long afterwards; and I imagine that his second wife, our ancestress, lived with him in Cherry Valley, at least during the latter part of his sojourn there; and she did come with him to Buffalo, as we have already seen.

### »» Children of Elijah Holt ««

I much regret that I cannot tell you more than you will find in this narrative concerning the brothers and sisters of my father and their descendants. Of Uncle Nelson and his family I know more than I do of the others; and of the sister who married Abram Dixon of Westfield and her family I know also much. But of the rest of my Holt uncles and aunts and their posterity I know very little. I hope that a second Mr. Durrie may some time rise from his ashes and carry on from where he left off a continuation of the family genealogy. As for my assumption of such task it is quite out of the question; for I am too busy earning a living and keeping my clients out of trouble to undertake such a work. Miracles do, however, sometimes occur, and it may be that some one among you descendants may sometime have the time and incentive to emulate the Phoenix and continue Mr. Durrie's work.

One of my Holt aunts, Olive, married Elisha Ensign of Buffalo, father of the Williams Ensign I have already mentioned. Williams had a brother Charles, and a sister Cornelia. There may have been other children in the family, but I am not informed concerning them.

Williams and Charles were both associated with their Uncle George, my father, in business in one way and another, as will later appear. Cornelia married Edward Hamilton, and for years lived in the old Hamilton home at Pearl and Huron Streets, where Mayor Schwab's theatre now stands. My father made the Hamilton home his stopping place for years on the days he spent in Buffalo, and my mother and I frequently visited there in my boyhood. Williams Ensign lived there too during the latter part of his life, after being divorced from his wife. Incidentally, he was the only one among all of the Holts and their descendants, and likewise their collateral relatives, so far as I ever heard, involved in a divorce or separation. It is the tradition in the family that Mrs. Hamilton, who was evidently a scheming woman, the only one of that kind ever bred in the tribe, brought about the divorce, in order that she might inherit Williams' large estate. Be that as may be, Williams afterwards again wooed and again wedded his wife a second time. Again, per tradition, Mrs. Hamilton succeeded in her plan and brought about a second divorce. And yet again Williams wooed his wife and pleaded for a third marriage, but his wife had had enough of Mrs. Hamilton's machinations and turned down his third proposal. She finally married another man, and after Williams' death brought suit to establish an interest in his estate. The case of **Martin vs Ensign** is a litigation which lays down an interesting precedent upon a virgin question in the New York Courts. The opinion is reported in one of the Court of Appeals volumes. The former Mrs. Ensign lost the suit and Mrs. Hamilton inherited the estate. Thus once again the Goddess of Justice proved herself to be as occasionally

blind as her statue pictures her. But I think that the decision was nevertheless sound law, even though the courts did, in the words of the good book, let "the wicked flourish like a green bay tree".

Mrs. Hamilton had one child, a daughter Olive, who married an Englishman, a Mr. Brookfield, the son of Queen Victoria's chaplain. They had several children, but I know nothing about them. As will be told herein-after, there came a time when all relations with Mrs. Hamilton were forever severed by the families of Charles Ensign and my father. If we may believe the tales which persisted amongst our kin, Mrs. Hamilton had cardinal sins for which to atone; at least she was **particeps criminis** in one act of great injustice which can never be forgiven, about which you will read more hereafter. She had, however, one redeeming trait; she was devoted to her daughter, and I assume to her grandchildren, and such a trait should cover a multitude of sins. Her body lies in Forest Lawn, with a headstone marking the spot in the lot next to ours; and when I see the Easter lily engraved on the stone I can not refrain from a thought which savors more of irony than of Christian spirit. Uncle Nelson cut from Grandfather's bible her record in the family genealogy; and there is nothing more to be done in the premises. Her soul has been tried in a tribunal which tempers justice with mercy, and we bow to its decree, whatever it may have been. So I say with Uncle Nelson, let her be forgotten!

Williams Ensign was a silent man, unassuming, but withall a business genius. He constructed most, if not all, of the stone bridges of the old Michigan Southern railroad between Buffalo and Chicago, now the New York Central; and he built the first viaduct over the

Cuyahoga river in Cleveland. I can see him now as he sat in his arm chair in the sitting room of the Hamilton house, seventy long years ago. I recall that I held him in awesome respect, and never dared speak to him or go too near his sacrosanct person; but there was no basis for such a notion, for he was really a kindly and unassuming gentleman.

Aunt Harriet Holt married Dr. Caner of Warsaw, New York, and had by him a son. So far as I know she had no other children; and I understand that her son had no descendants. After Dr. Caner's death, and late in life, she married Elam Bliss, of Westfield, New York. They had no offspring; and both died many years ago.

Another of my aunts married a Mr. Parsons; but I have no information as to whether they left any progeny.

Another of my aunts was the second wife of Hon. Abram Dixon of Westfield, New York. Mr. Dixon was a lawyer and at one time was a state senator, and sat for a time in the Court of last resort in our State, where he wrote some of the leading opinions of that tribunal. He was a member of the Westfield law firm composed of himself and Hon. Austin Smith, one of the oldest law firms in Chautauqua County. It is interesting to note that Arthur S. Tennant, Mr. Smith's grandson, and Dixon P. Whitney, Mr. Dixon's grandson, are now associated in the law and insurance business in the same office building in Westfield which their grandfathers built and occupied over a century ago.

My Aunt, Mrs. Dixon, had two children, a daughter Mary, who married Mr. Edward Whitney, lived at

Westfield, and died leaving one descendant, Dixon P. Whitney, above mentioned; and a son George Holt Dixon, who died leaving no widow or descendant. Mr. Dixon, by his first wife had a son William, who was lost in the wreck of the Star of the West during the Civil War; and a daughter Carrie, long since deceased.

Two of my Holt uncles, Elijah and Williams, located in Illinois early in life. Elijah had a daughter who married a Mr. Shannon of Chicago; and the Shannons had one child, a daughter May, about my age; whose married name I do not recall. Uncle Elijah's wife, Aunt Mary, resembled the portrait of Peter Minuit, the famous New Amsterdam burgomaster; whereby her face was one never to be forgotten; but behind that face was sterling character which won the respect of the whole clan of Holts. The Shannon's home in Chicago was one of the stopping places of Father, Mother, Sister and myself, when we visited that city in my youthful years. I long since lost track of the Shannons and have no present knowledge concerning them. I last visited them at their home on Michigan Avenue on a business trip to Chicago about thirty years ago. Whether May had any children I do not know.

— Of Uncle Williams Holt's family I know of only one, his son Elijah, who was for many years a prominent businessman in Lockport, New York. My family frequently visited at his home on High Street; and in these days I ride by the old house, one of the outstanding homes of the town, and recall those long ago visits in the carefree days of my youth. His family many times visited us in Westfield while I was a boy; but I have not for a long time seen any of his children except Harriett (Mrs. Summers), who stopped at my home in

Buffalo on her return trip from France after the first world war. She was one of the gold star mothers. Cousin Elijah married twice. By his first wife he had a daughter, Minnie, who was an accomplished musician, and followed music as her lifetime vocation. She located in Ottumwa, Iowa, years ago; and Elijah and his family followed her there later. His second wife was Ada Gooding, daughter of a prominent Lockport family. By his second wife, he had five children; Harriet (Mrs. Summers), who was living when I last knew in California; Alice, whose married name I do not recall, living in New Zealand or Australia; Morris, Stewart and George. I do not know where either of the sons now resides. Cousin Elijah and Ada have both passed on, and I assume that Cousin Minnie has also joined the great majority. I have no information concerning whether there are any living descendants of such children, except that I recently learned that Alice had a daughter who is the wife of Mr. Evatt, the representative from Australia to the United Nations Council, now engaged in the effort to prevent wars hereafter. Mr. Evatt distinguished himself at the meeting in Paris in 1946 by his opposition to the views of the Russian Minister.

With the exception of the data above mentioned, and what is related hereinafter concerning Father and Uncle Nelson, I can furnish no further information beyond that furnished by Mr. Durrie's record, concerning Grandfather's offspring. My lack of information may be explained in part by the fact that Father did not marry until he was fifty; and his brothers and sisters were really two generations, instead of one, older than I; and their children were therefore one generation

older. Thus the descendants who lived in my time, and were of my age, were more or less scattered to far parts of the country or the world at the period I might otherwise have known them.

But I did have the beneficent fortune to know two of Grandfather's sons intimately, under circumstances which gave me a deep insight into their characters. They were my Father and Uncle Nelson. If my male descendants follow in the footsteps of either of those two there is nothing to fear for the characters of those descendants in the future.

### » Uncle Horatio Nelson Holt «

Uncle Nelson, whose full Christian name was Horatio Nelson, was a most interesting and outstanding person, and a man of exemplary principles, which he followed sedulously all of his life. He was a little older than Father, but that disparity seemed rather to strengthen than weaken the close bond which existed between them. Early in life Uncle became identified with the lake marine business in Buffalo in the firm of Holt & Palmer, owners of sailing ships engaged in Great Lakes Commerce; not schooners, which later supplanted the ships, but square rigged vessels of the ocean type. Some of the older pictures of Buffalo harbor show such vessels moored at its docks. The office of the firm was in the old Central Wharf building at the foot of Main Street; where the sidewheel passenger boats, the first steam driven craft to navigate the lakes, used to land. Father worked at Central Wharf for the firm as a shipping clerk when he began his career in the marine business. Later on he was taken into the partnership and the

firm then became Holt, Palmer & Co; Father being the Co.

Uncle must have parted with his vessel interests about the time of my birth or before, for my earliest recollections of him are seeing him at his office in the old Trinity Building at 111 Broadway, New York, when I visited that city as a young boy. But though Uncle moved his business to New York he was still for many years associated with Father in transportation activities. They owned and operated packet boats on the Erie Canal at an early period; and later for some years had a through freight line, by propellers on the lakes and canal boats on the canal, between western lake ports and the seaboard; and for years they leased from the City of New York a slip in New York harbor known as Quincy Slip, as their eastern freight terminal.

I found among my Father's effects after his death a clipping from a Racine, Wisconsin, newspaper, published in the early 40's, containing an account of his visit to that city to salvage the ship Milwaukee, which had been driven ashore near that place in a storm on Lake Michigan the Fall before. The article spoke of him as one of the vessel's owners. He was then in his thirties, and Uncle Nelson not much older. So we may see that they had both made unusual progress in business and financial standing early in life. When I myself was some years older, I was the proud owner of a half interest in a twenty foot motor boat. I wonder to what extent my pride would have swelled if I had owned a similar interest in a fleet of ships like the Milwaukee. This comparison does not speak so well for me; but I solace myself with the reflection that perhaps not over one man in a million has by his own efforts become

a ship owner at the early age of thirty. Father and Uncle obtained their ships, not by inheritance, but by vision and their own efforts; and what they accomplished so early in life should go down in the annals of our family as something of which we may well be proud.

The ship Milwaukee had, by the way, an experience most novel, which never occurred, either before or since, to any other vessel on the Great Lakes. After being salvaged following her shipwreck in Lake Michigan she was sailed to Buffalo, to be repaired; and while awaiting the repairs was tied up at a wharf in Buffalo harbor. But one morning, with her caretaker found bound upon the wharf, she had vanished completely; not even her topsails being visible upon the horizon. She was finally located in the upper lakes, where she had been sailed by a pirate crew, and was again returned to her owners. The seven days' mystery of her disappearance was finally explained by the fact of some disputed claim for salvage; the claimant having decided to resort to a forcible method of asserting the claim, rather than by making an appeal to the Courts. Thus came about the only known case of the kidnapping of a ship ever recorded in the annals of Great Lakes Commerce.

Whether Uncle had a share in Father's next venture, the People's Line of steamers, I do not know; but I know that he did represent that line as its New York agent.

Uncle Nelson was well known in Buffalo when he lived here, not only in a business way, but also socially. He married Abby Seymour, the daughter of a prominent Buffalo family and the grand daughter of Governor Horatio Seymour. The Seymour home then stood where

the Dunn building now stands on Pearl Street; and after his marriage Uncle lived in a house on the north side of Church Street midway between Pearl and Franklin Streets, which house was still standing when I came to Buffalo in 1891. At the time Uncle lived there what is now down town in the city was then up town, and Pearl and Franklin, Swan, Eagle and North and South Division Streets were among the best residence streets in Buffalo.

After Uncle moved to New York he engaged in the canal forwarding business and that of a wholesale coal merchant; and he continued in those businesses thereafter up to his death, which occurred in 1894, at the age of 83 years. Up to a very few years before he died he was in good health; a virile and energetic man of strong physique, alert and interested in all important problems of business, political and religious aspects. The photographs to be found in our family albums show him to be striking in appearance, a person who would attract attention in any gathering. Those pictures depict him as I recall him in the year 1886, when I worked for him in his office and on the docks of New York harbor; and he was then about seventy-five years of age. Up to that time his business had been profitable; but later on, as he neared the end of his mortal journey, he met with reverses; although he continued the business, with the aid of his sons, up to the last few months of his life.

Uncle's wife, Aunt Abby, died when their two sons were boys, and he was left with the responsibility of the sons' upbringing. He gave them both educational opportunities, Seymour a full course at college and Charles an advance course in a military school. Seymour for a considerable time engaged in the securities

business and was connected with a leading New York financial firm; but in the latter years of Uncle's life was associated with him in the forwarding and coal business. Charles was associated with Uncle's business most of his life, though at times he was engaged in other vocations. While Aunt Abby lived the family resided in Brooklyn in the fashionable Heights district, and after her death Uncle and his sons lived there together until Seymour married and had his own home. Charles always lived with his father when connected with the latter's business, and was with him in his last illness.

His wife's death brought a great shock and sorrow to Uncle. Their love for each other was of that deep nature which remains forever lasting; and although when she left him Uncle was young in years and prosperous, and would have had no difficulty in winning the affection of another helpmate, he never even considered a second marriage. As proof of his profound loyalty to his first love let me cite this incident which came to my own personal knowledge: During Uncle's latter years, when his business prospects waned and financial trouble began to cause him anxiety, there lived in Brooklyn a wealthy spinster lady who had been for a long time a very close friend of Aunt Abby and himself; a woman some years younger than Uncle, but who had always admired him for his sterling qualities. How she came to suspect his financial worries I do not know, unless she read the story in his face, or divined it from a change in his manner. He had been before the time of which I write, most cheerful and entertaining company, and doubtless there did come a change which an intimate friend would observe. Any-

way, she came to know of his troubles and his fear for his future welfare. True friend as she was, she offered to give him what funds he needed to pay his business obligations; but he would not listen to such proposal. Then she offered to him as a substitute proposal the haven of her home during the remainder of his life, so that he would be assured comfort and care when he could no longer depend on his own efforts to continue his business; and coupled with such offer, to remove from the situation any appearance which might indicate to others that he was the recipient of charity, she proposed that they marry, pointing out to him that a wife could always minister to her husband without any imputation of dependence on his part. She knew that his love for his wife was as strong as it had always been, and that a marriage to her would be upon a purely platonic basis; and this she stated frankly, so that there might be no misunderstanding. It was a most generous and noble proposal on her part. But Uncle could not bring himself to accept it. At the time of such offer I happened to be in New York on legal business, and Uncle told me about it. He said to me that if he accepted the offer his worries in this life would be over; but that when he rejoined Aunt Abby in that happy and eternal reunion beyond, he wanted to go to her as free and untrammelled as he was the day when she left him. I applauded his position then and so stated to him, and now still more appreciate the feeling which actuated it. I think I know why Uncle told me what he did. For years he had, from time to time, when necessary, borrowed from a New York bank in carrying on his business, upon the endorsement of my father during the latter's life, and

after his death upon my endorsement, and at that time I was obligated upon such paper in the amount of some thousands of dollars. I think Uncle wanted my reaction, what I thought he should do in view of a possible liability falling upon me ultimately. I have always been glad that I gave my approval of the course he wanted to follow. In this connection I should state that he later paid the note at the bank and relieved me from my obligation thereon; and when he died he left no creditors unpaid and a large farm he owned at Great Bend, Pennsylvania, free and clear, as a gift to his son Charles. But when he discussed with me the alluring offer referred to, I think he felt that perhaps I should have a voice in the decision which was to be made. I mention this incident in Uncle's life to illustrate his high ideal of loyalty to the wife he loved, and also to me; and to illustrate also his profound faith and his conviction that he would shortly be again with his beloved, who waited to greet him in the Heaven he truly visioned. It is needless that I remark how few indeed are those who are so nobly and surely inspired.

Uncle took an active part in public affairs in Brooklyn during the forepart of his residence there. He was a member of the legislature at one time, and he held one or more other public positions. We find him allied always with the cause of good government. And he was an active member of Plymouth Church during the pastorate of Henry Ward Beecher, and afterwards. He was during all the years I knew him a man of strong religious convictions, and he lived up to those convictions in his daily life. Like Grandfather Holt before him, his ideas were somewhat puritanical. He neither drank, used tobacco or gambled, though he did love to play cards.

In my early days he was a frequent visitor at our home in Westfield, in the winters when the lake and canal businesses were quiescent, and games of whist were a daily pastime for the adults of the family; always after, however, the morning service which Uncle conducted. It frequently happened that I was called upon to make the fourth hand in the game, until some older player appeared. So I was taught whist and became a passable player myself. But I took to it with the same aptitude with which I viewed mental arithmetic or castor oil, as something imposed upon me by way of discipline. I wanted to go skating or coasting, but had to play cards and be a martyr instead. As a result, I never did care much for cards afterwards; and I now believe that what I then considered an affliction was in fact a blessing, for I have since turned to better use time which I might otherwise have spent with cards.

Uncle maintained a high plane in his conduct and thoughts. He never used profane or questionable language, or tolerated any thing of low inference. Yet he was, withal, a witty, humorous and jovial companion, good at repartee, and able in any company to play his part in making the occasion interesting and enjoyable. He was not one who ever assumed a holier-than-thou attitude, or held himself in an atmosphere of aloofness because of his religious views.

For many years Uncle owned the large farm at Great Bend already referred to. He operated it as a dairy farm, I think with not much profit financially, but with much satisfaction to himself otherwise. As already stated, he gave the farm to cousin Charles Holt, who owned it until his death, when it passed

by inheritance to his nephew Roderick Holt, the sole survivor of Uncle's heirs. Cousin Charles did not intend that disposition of the property, as you readers will learn later on in this narrative; but his plans miscarried. Roderick sold the farm to the first purchaser who materialized, and it was finally acquired by the State of Pennsylvania, which now uses it as one of its game sanctuaries. During the years Uncle owned the farm and whenever he could escape from his business duties, he spent his spare time there; and it was one of his activities while there to conduct religious services in the vicinity, for a community congregation he was instrumental in organizing. He always followed the biblical injunction that "where two or more are gathered together", in a devout spirit, there too would be found the spirit of their Divine leader. I recall that morning prayers, followed by the singing of a hymn, was the regular order at Westfield when Uncle was with us. Mother played the piano well and had a sweet voice, Uncle supplied the heavier tones, and the rest of us chimed in with such vocal help as we could contribute.

Uncle was the repository of family genealogy, and made the more recent entries in Grandfather Holt's bible, and also compiled much data, on memoranda sheets which may be found in the bible, completing the family tree. The bible and Uncle's memoranda therein, are in my possession, to be passed on and preserved by you descendants. Father's family bible, in which our own family record is complete, will also be passed on by me to be likewise preserved.

## »» Seymour and Roderick Holt ««

I never knew Seymour, Uncle's eldest son, as well as I knew his brother, Cousin Charles Holt. In fact, my acquaintance with Seymour consisted solely of my contact with him during the year I was employed in Uncle's office in New York. At that time the office had been moved to the Washington Building, at Number 1 Broadway. Both Seymour and Charles were then connected with the business, Seymour as the accountant and Charles as the outside man attending to shipments. I worked most of the time out of the office, as tallyman, in tallying bar iron shipments by canal boats; so that I saw very little of Seymour. His wife came occasionally to the office; and I met her once afterwards, at the time of Seymour's burial, when she and Roderick stopped at our home in Buffalo. She was a fine woman, a member of the well known Reed family of Boston; and was at one time very well to do. During Roderick's musical career she spent much time with him abroad while he was pursuing his studies. He became an accomplished violinist, and was for years a member of the Boston Symphony Orchestra while that orchestra was at the height of its career. After the advent of the radio and the general decadent tendencies in present day music, the Orchestra was no longer profitable, and Roderick sought other vocations, being employed last in Buffalo. Coming down with what proved to be a fatal disease he was for a time in the hospital, and afterwards stayed with us for a short while until a return to the hospital was required; and within a few days afterwards he died. His, like his Uncle Charles' funeral before, was held at our home.

## »» Charles A. Holt ««

While I did not know Seymour or Roderick so well, I did for years know Cousin Charles Holt intimately. After Uncle Nelson died he came to Buffalo to stay and thereafter lived here until shortly before his death. He was employed here as the accountant of the Underhill Coal Company. While here he lived most of the time with the Coit family, to whom he was related by marriage through the Seymours. He spent, during his stay in Buffalo, much time at my home; and was a great help to my Dear Wife and myself at the time of the deaths of our mothers, and afterwards during my wife's serious nervous breakdown following that sad event. Some months before his own death Cousin Charles was ill for several weeks at our home; where my wife's nursing restored his health sufficiently so that he was able to go to Great Bend; where he planned to rest until sufficiently recovered to return to work. But shortly after leaving here he developed what turned out to be consumption, and was taken to the nearby hospital at Binghamton. He was there for some weeks and then went back to Great Bend; but shortly afterwards suffered a fatal relapse and died. I was with him in his last hours, at which time he tried to tell me about the disposition he had made of his estate. But he was in a condition of extremis and his words were unintelligible. What he obviously wanted to tell me was where I could find his will; but I was not able to understand what he tried to impart. I never found the will, although I made every effort to locate it. And so I administered his estate on the theory that he had died intestate, and the Great Bend farm and its

appurtenances passed to Roderick as his only heir. The farm was really a valuable property. It consisted of four hundred acres of land, about a third of which was cleared valley, used for tillage and pasture, and the remainder was covered with good timber. The house was large and the barns ample; there was a small herd of cows and a good team of horses; and there were also ample farm implements. The same honest and capable man who had always managed the farm for Uncle still lived on it, and wanted to remain and run it. I tried to get Roderick to hold on to the property; but he had no inclination in that direction, and quickly sold it, I understand, for a small part of what might have been realized from it in course of time.

While cousin Charles was ill at our home, as above related, he asked me to draw his will, leaving the farm and its belongings to My Dear Wife. I declined to draw the will, pointing out to him that Roderick was the one to whom, as Uncle's ultimate representative, the farm should finally belong. But Charles was firm in his determination to leave it to my wife; and so I advised him that he would have to get some other lawyer to draw the document. We never had any further talk on the subject until I visited him while he was on his death bed, as related. Several years afterwards I learned, from one of the witnesses to the will, that during his illness at our home, after I had refused to draw the will, he drew it himself and executed it one day when my wife and I both happened to be absent. He told the witness in question that he had by the paper then executed willed the farm to my wife. I mention this incident as demonstrating to what an unusual degree my Dear Wife endeared herself to the members of my

family. I doubt if a parallel case could be cited in the annals of any other family. Her kindness, sympathy and hospitality toward all of my kin won their affections, and her sincerity and high principles their confidence; and thus it happened that they wished to evidence their regard in a substantial manner, as two of them did.

While the gift thus planned by Cousin Charles would have been a valuable one, I am certain that My Dear Wife would not have accepted it. She would have insisted upon turning it over to Roderick, at least a substantial part of it. I know that she was touched to learn of Charles' preference for her and his generous gift; but I think that his intent meant more to her than the gift would have meant had it materialized. She accepted the will for the deed, and held him in grateful remembrance.

Cousin Charles had a most engaging personality. He had been brought up in a cultural environment, had inherited his father's wit and courtly manners, and was always an entertaining member of any company he happened to be with. He, like Uncle, was possessed of high principles, and a kind heart; and we were very fond of him. When I was called to Great Bend on account of his illness I took with me a letter from my Dear Wife inviting him to come back to Buffalo and recuperate at our home as our guest until he was able to return to work; and he read the letter and sensed its contents, before he became too weak to convey the message he wanted me to have concerning the contents of his will. I brought his remains back to Buffalo with me and his funeral was conducted from our home. He

never married, so that his nephew Roderick was the last survivor of Uncle Nelson's line.

### »» George W. Holt ««

I begin the story of my Father's life with a sense of my inability to tell the story as it should be told. It is not the story of an ordinary life, but of one endowed with unusual vision and marked with extraordinary accomplishment. And it is therefore a story which should inspire those who come after to follow in his footsteps in outstanding accomplishment themselves in whatsoever fields of endeavor they undertake.

I do not understand that Father had the advantage of advanced schooling; but he was a reader of good literature; and he sought the society of persons of liberal learning; and he came thereby to have a self-acquired education far above the average. He was reserved in manner, not given to much talking, but when he talked he used perfect English and spoke well. He was always courtly in his manners and considerate of others. He was a most hospitable host, and guests at our home were always warmly welcomed by him, as well as by Mother.

I can think of no one in all my experience as wholeheartedly generous as was he, not only towards those near to him, but also in his public gifts. But he never let his right hand know what his left hand gave. I myself came to know of some of his gifts to kinsmen and friends and of some of his charitable benefactions; but many more doubtless never came to my knowledge. Let me relate one, and there were others of similar nature, which illustrate gifts planned by him to bring comfort and security to those near and dear: Shortly

after their marriage Father and Mother visited his brother Williams at the latter's farm in Illinois, one Christmas time. Williams had labored under the difficulties which most farmers encounter, and had not been able to pay off the mortgage on his farm, which was of years' standing. The day before reaching Williams' home, and unknown to him, Father hunted up the mortgagee and paid the mortgage and received a discharge thereof and the cancelled bond. When Williams reached into his stocking, "hung by the chimney with care", on Christmas morning, he found there the papers certifying that his farm was free of the encumbrance which had so long been a source of anxiety. He had of course never hoped "that St. Nicholas soon would be there" with a gift so munificent. Mother told me that it was one of the most touching episodes she had ever witnessed. On another occasion that I know of Father bought the farm of another relative at a price beyond its value, to secure to such relative security in his declining years. It does not militate from such beneficent acts to say that Father had the means which enabled him to carry on his generous inclinations, for others often had the means, but few ever had his inclinations.

Father had mechanical conceptions, a quality which I did not inherit from him. His first employment was with a Buffalo watch repairer, but he afterwards carried his genius for mechanics into a larger field when he began to build steam propelled vessels. From watches to steamships was a long leap, but one has to understand machinery to construct either. However, in the field of marine architecture is involved more than the mechanic's calling, for one who would build ships well must be a sailor as well as a mechanic. He must have

in mind and respond to that exhortation in Longfellow's poem:

"Build me straight, Oh Worthy Master,  
Staunch and true, a goodly vessel,  
That will laugh at all disaster,  
And with wave and whirlwind wrestle!"

Father did respond to that exhortation; for of all the propellers in the building of which he played the master part, none of them, although they sailed the lakes for many years, sometimes in storms the most terrific, was ever lost by force of seas or tempests.

Father never told me much about his business career; but from what little he did tell me, and from what I learned from others, I have a fairly true general picture of it. Early in his life, probably before he became associated with the firm of Holt, Palmer & Company as a partner, he worked for a time in developing the lumbering business in Michigan, by supplying the financial backing to mills, and traveled by his own team of horses through the frontier regions of that State. I assume he must have represented Buffalo financiers in such project. I understand that it was later on when he engaged in the sailing ship and canal businesses. And it was still later when he became a partner in the People's Line of steamers. I can not fix the date when that venture started, but it was sometime before the Civil War, and the line continued in operation thereafter until into the 1870s, when he and Charles Ensign sold the People's Line boats and built the steamers of the Commercial Line.

The People's Line included the steamers Empire State, Badger State and other boats. They were all wooden

ships, propellers with single screws, and like all similar propellers of that era had arches. They carried package freight, but also bulk cargoes, principally grain from the western ports. The boats were also famous passenger carriers in their time; and the fares from the passenger traffic added to the profits. During the Civil War freight rates were very high; for instance, at times as high as twenty-five cents per bushel for grain from upper lake ports to Buffalo. Later on freight boats made profit carrying grain at five cents a bushel. So that the People's line must have been a very profitable venture, and at the time of Father's marriage in the year 1863, he was riding on the top wave of business prosperity.

It is interesting to note that at the time of the Pan American Exposition in 1901 the Empire State was still in commission, carrying passengers to Buffalo during that year; which speaks for the lasting manner of her construction. At the time of the Buffalo Centennial celebration some years ago a pageant was staged at the Front, one of the scenes of which illustrated the progress in lake shipping. The poem of the pageant was written by Mrs. John G. Wickser, and was read and amplified by microphone as the various scenes were depicted. Mrs. Wickser asked me to write the chapter depicting the development in types of ships; which I did. In illustrating such types I presented first an old time skipper holding aloft a model of a square rigged sailing ship; then next a captain of a wooden arch propeller of the Empire State type, holding aloft a model of that type; then next a captain of the modern lake freighter, holding aloft a model of that type of vessel; and finally a gold braided captain of a modern passenger steamer, holding aloft a model of one of

the Great Lakes Steamship Company's passenger boats. For the captain of the wooden arch propeller I secured a Mr. Wilson, then a man of 80 years, who had for a long time been the chief engineer of the Empire State; and he told me that the stanchions which supported her engine were heavy wooden timbers, not iron supports as are now in use, and that in all the years he sailed on her he never once found it necessary to tighten the bolts which held the sections of the stanchions together. "That", he said to me, "will show you how your father built his boats in the days when the People's Line boats were built".

In the 1870s Father parted with his interest in the People's Line boats and he and Charles Ensign built the steamers of the Commercial Line; that is, they built the four iron ships, the Scotia, Russia, Cuba and Java. They built the boats at their own iron works on Buffalo Creek, all but the engines and the accessories which ship chandlers furnished. The three wooden steamers of the line may have been built elsewhere, the Colorado, Nebraska and Roanoke. The iron boats were all approximately of the same registered tonnage, 1650, the Scotia being a trifle larger. They were the first twin screw steamers constructed, either on the Lakes or elsewhere, so far as I have been able to learn. The Colorado and Nebraska also had twin screws. The four iron boats cost \$280,000.00 each to build. I never learned the cost of the wooden boats, but the Colorado and Nebraska were of about the same tonnage as the iron boats and I presume cost about the same to construct. The Roanoke was of a smaller register, 1,000 tons. We may thus compute the total cost of the seven ships at approximately \$1,800,000.00. The Buffalo terminal of

the line was the Marine Block on Ohio Street and the Creek, where the Lackawanna train shed now stands. The building was used as the offices of the line and its dock warehouse. In the late 70s the Marine Elevator was constructed as part of the firm's holdings at the southern end of the warehouse, fronting on the Creek and also on a slip that extended easterly just north of the Michigan Street bridge. The entire frontage of the Marine Block and the elevator stretched along the Creek about three hundred feet. I think it would not be an excessive valuation to place upon the vessels, and the dock, warehouse and elevator, to estimate that such properties of Holt & Ensign represented an investment of two millions of dollars.

As already stated, Mr. Ensign and Father also owned an iron works, where they built their iron ships; but the iron works went out of business in the panic of 1876. The Commercial Line, however, survived the depression; and the firm continued in the operation of its business until Mr. Ensign's death, about 1880; and father continued the business thereafter as survivor of the firm until the disastrous termination of the litigation, the story of which I am about to relate, in 1883.

Beside his half ownership in the Commercial Line, its vessels and other properties mentioned, Father owned other interests. He owned oil lands in Pennsylvania and had some producing wells in the heavy oil territory near Franklin; and he also, during the last years of his career, bought and stored large quantities of oil for increase in prices, leasing the large building of the Erie Preserving Company's plant just north of the Marine Block for such purposes, after the Preserving Company discontinued its business. I think that he and

Mr. Ensign were also interested with Colonel John Lay, Mr. Ensign's brother-in-law, in his submarine torpedo; the first device of the kind invented and successfully operated. Our government turned down the invention and Colonel Lay took it to Russia, where he sold it to the Russian Government for a large price. Whether Father and Mr. Ensign shared in the proceeds of the sale I never learned. The year before Mr. Ensign died he spent in Russia with Colonel Lay in an attempt to recover his failing health; and Father told me that their firm, Holt & Ensign, during that year, sent to Mr. Ensign for his medical treatment and other purposes, one hundred thousand dollars. He said that Mr. Ensign hobnobbed with persons high in the Russian Government; and I imagine that he played the role of an American financier, and was planning future enterprises involving commerce with Russia. However, such plans were not carried through, due to his untimely death shortly after his return to this country.

Charles Ensign was an outstanding figure in Buffalo's business development. While a nephew of Father, he was not many years his junior, and early in his life Father took him under his wing, so to speak. Thereafter they were associated in business interests for many years. In his school days Mr. Ensign attended the Academy at Westfield, and boarded during his stay in that village with the Misses Hudson, formerly from Cherry Valley, and of whom I have hereinbefore spoken. During part of his association with Father Mr. Ensign was the president of the Marine Bank, predecessor of the Present Marine Trust Company; and I think he was the first President of that Bank; and held that position quite early in his life. He married Miss Lay,

a sister of Colonel Lay, and they had one child, cousin May Ensign. In the latter part of May's life, my wife and I, and my sister, came to know her better than we had in former years, and saw much of and became very fond of her. As an evidence of her regard for my wife and me, she made me one of the legatees under her will. May never married, and with her death the descendants of Mrs. Hamilton became the sole representatives of the Ensign line. The Charles Ensign family lived until his death in one of Buffalo's fine old homes on Main Street, next to the old Music Hall.

Not long after Charles' death there occurred a rift between his family and Father on the one hand, and Mrs. Hamilton. Father was the Executor of Charles' will, as well as the survivor of their firm, and his affiliations were with Mrs. Ensign. Mrs. Hamilton was the successor of Williams Ensign's estate; and she claimed that the firm of Holt and Ensign owed the estate a large sum for borrowed monies. Her claim resulted in a suit, which culminated in 1883 in a judgment in Mrs. Hamilton's favor for over six hundred thousand dollars. From what information I have been able to ascertain the advancements made by Williams to the Commercial Line and possibly other ventures of Charles Ensign and Father were contributions to joint ventures in which all three were interested, and were not loans; so that Williams' estate was subject to his share of the losses of such ventures as well as entitled to his share of their profits, and his estate was therefore actually entitled to a small part only of the sum which was adjudged it in the suit. This conclusion is supported by the fact, which I learned from an authentic source after I came to Buffalo and investigated the case, that

Mrs. Hamilton's lawyers at one time offered to settle the suit by accepting the steamer Colorado as payment in full of her claim. I can see from what I have learned since, that such offer should have been accepted, and that if Father and Mrs. Ensign had received good legal advice from their attorney they would have been saved from the unjust climax of the litigation. The lawyer retained by them to defend the suit came well recommended and had at the time the reputation of being a capable man; but his handling of the case belied either his ability or honesty, one or the other. After I came to practice in Buffalo, ten years later, he had lost his prestige, was held in disrepute by the bar and judiciary, and was eventually forced out of the profession. One of Buffalo's outstanding lawyers who did what he could after the disastrous outcome of the suit to save something from the situation, expressed to me his opinion that Father's lawyer had sold out his clients for a large sum paid him by Mrs. Hamilton. Whether such was the explanation of why he handled the case as he did I do not know; but when I consider the wholly wrongful manner in which he did conduct it, in the light of what I now know of proper legal procedure, the choice of explanation lies between the one suggested by Father's subsequent honest lawyer and the conclusion that his former one was wholly incompetent. It has also been suggested to me by persons who were familiar with the case that politics played a part in bringing about the decision; that Mrs. Hamilton's lawyers were strong politically and controlled nominations to judgeships; and that one of the three referees who sat in the case had judicial aspirations, and after the decision was nominated and elected to a high judicial office.

I am loath to adopt such explanation. But if there is anything in it, I still conclude that the suicidal manner in which the defense of the suit was conducted, which was chargeable solely to Father's lawyer, aided in the wrongful outcome and made it possible. I can not believe that the referees would have rendered the decision they did if the defense had been properly presented. Laymen are apt to be suspicious of the probity of courts when a decision is rendered which is unjust from the view of the lay mind. But it is rare indeed when such a suspicion is warranted. Uniformly, with so few exceptions as to prove the general rule, both judges and lawyers hold to high standards of honor in fulfilling the obligations of their offices. In the instant case under consideration I am forced to the deduction that the defendant's attorney so tried the defendant's cause as to make it impossible for the referees to decide other than as they did. But whosoever was really at fault, the result was a monstrous injustice. And we have but to consider the offer of settlement made at the outset of the suit, already mentioned, to realize how plainly negligent or incompetent the lawyer in question must have been. *Prima facie* at least the suit had a semblance of merit, and there was a possible chance, as there always is in most suits, for a recovery of some amount. The suit involved an accounting covering many items and a long period of time, and also involved intimate family relations. Obviously Mrs. Hamilton was satisfied at the beginning to compromise for less than one-sixth of the firm's holdings, which the transfer to her of the Colorado would have meant. Such settlement would have left for Father and Mrs. Ensign five ships, besides the other properties of the firm, and they would still have owned

a million and three quarters dollars of assets. The Java had been lost a year or so before, but after such settlement they would still have owned three of the iron ships and two of the wooden ones, and the dock property. Any lawyer of conscientious ability would have favored the proposed disposition of the case and advised his clients to accept it.

I have often thought how different the course of my life might have been if Father had been given the right advice by his attorney, and I had inherited his share in the Commercial Line. At the time of the decision of the suit the boats were operating as the Lackawanna Railroad Lake Line, carrying on a profitable package freight trade; and not long afterwards the Interstate Commerce Act was passed, relieving lake carriers from unfair competition with the railroads carrying grain from western ports. The vessel interests therefore, at the time of the unfortunate litigation, had a bright outlook in the near future. But the judgment in the suit was so large that it was apparently impossible to obtain a stay for purposes of appeal; and the misbegotten record in the case probably precluded much chance of a reversal. The vessels and other assets were sold at execution sales; and Father and Mrs. Ensign were practically bereft, each of a sizable fortune which might have been theirs had they been wisely advised.

The judgment in the Hamilton suit was rendered in 1883, when Father was seventy years of age. He was still mentally as active and capable as ever; and but for the effect produced upon his health by the shock and misfortune of the unjust decision, would have been active physically for years. He withstood the shock of the calamity with his usual courage, and immediately

undertook ways to reinstate himself in the transportation business. He saved from the wreck enough to maintain our family in economy for the remaining years of his life. But his health shortly failed, and he did not have the physical strength to carry on new projects. I recall his saying to me that had the calamity occurred ten years sooner he could have reinstated his fortunes, and I fully believe that he could. He survived the great depression of 1876, saving his vessel interests, though forced to discontinue the iron works; and I understood that he withstood successfully other business crises. Anyway, but for the fateful outcome of the Hamilton suit he would have died a wealthy man.

We must remember, in order to appreciate Father's achievements, that the days of great combinations of capital had not arrived when he planned and conducted his enterprizes. Later on similar enterprizes were, and now are, financed by sales of corporate stocks to thousands of investors. But such method was not yet in the offing, except in a few instances, when Father launched his projects. He found and created his own capital. Fortunes such as he acquired were rare indeed in his time. He had the foresight to take advantage of the growth of the country, the vision to see opportunity even before it knocked, and the ability to shape it to his purposes. The story of his achievements should offer an inspiring lesson to all of his descendants in the future.

In a brochure written by me some time ago entitled "Ships of the Great Lakes" will be found related much interesting data concerning Father's connection with the development of lake transportation. The article will supply also some facts not in this history about shipping progress on our great inland waterway which some of

my readers might like to know. It is in typewritten form and may be found among my papers. And among the books of the Buffalo Historical Society may be found a work listing all of the Great Lakes vessels registered down to the date of its publication, and containing also much interesting history concerning lake commerce.

From a print of the iron boats of the Commercial Line, found on its stationery, Mrs. George Clinton, Jr., a Buffalo artist, has painted a perfect picture of those four steamers; and Mr. Grove McClellan, another Buffalo artist, has painted a picture of the wooden ships, which were exactly like the iron ones except for their arches. And from such paintings the pictures in this book have been supplied. The package freight business on the Lakes is now practically extinct; and we no longer see any of the old time package carriers; which were in their day most picturesque and seaworthy vessels.

The boats of the Commercial Line were designed for package freight largely and their main decks were reached by gangways through which the package freight could be rolled aboard on trucks. In the main deck were hatchways opening into the holds. Above the main deck was a promenade or cabin deck on which the deckhouses stood. There was a hatchway in the cabin deck forward, another amidships, one forward of the boilers, and one aft of the engines reaching the fantail hold; and the hatchways in the main deck below were directly underneath those in the cabin deck, thus enabling the boats to be loaded and unloaded of bulk freight. Today bulk freight carriers have no between decks, and have many hatchways, and consequently no deckhouses except far forward and back in the stern; so that loading and unloading can be conducted rapidly. But the old style

package freighters were much more picturesque and their living accomodations more commodious.

The hulls of the Commercial Line boats were painted dark green up to the main deck, and above that deck and up to the promenade deck white, and the cabins white. The pilot house and bridge were also painted white, and surmounting the pilot house was a gold eagle with outspreading wings. The ships were kept freshly painted, and every morning at sea the decks were washed; and every ship was kept in clean shipshape condition at all times. Just abaft of the pilot house was the steamer's only mast, to the crow's nest of which the head light was hoisted; and in favorable winds a large mainsail, sloop style, was hoisted on the mast. There were extra state rooms on the boats for guests, and a comfortable dining cabin for the ship officers and guests. Our family made several trips from Buffalo to Chicago and return on the Russia and Cuba; and long afterwards my wife and I and our baby daughter took a memorable trip on the Cuba, which I shall refer to again later on in this history.

I have never known anyone who had more perfect control of his emotions than Father. I have never seen him give way to anger or trepidation. As an illustration of his unusual control let me relate this incident: The steamer Java was lost one Fall, after the insurance upon her had been reduced to only \$40,000.00, as was the practice of insurance carriers because of enhanced risks of navigation late in the season. She was practically a new ship and had cost but a few years before \$280,000.00; so that her sinking meant a serious loss to Father and his firm. The telegram apprizing Father of her sinking reached him at Westfield, while we were at breakfast. I

recall Mother asking him if the message was of any special importance and his answering her by reading it. I recall as clearly as if the incident had happened yesterday the words of the message read by Father, without a tremor in his voice; "Java sank in Lake Huron yesterday in seven hundred feet of water. Have just reached Bay City. Will be in Buffalo tomorrow. (signed) Captain Pope". Father knew there was no chance of salvaging the vessel from so great a depth; and he also knew of the reduced insurance; but he made no comments and finished his breakfast as though nothing unusual had occurred. I was in Buffalo with him a day or so later when Captain Pope reported the facts of the disaster. The Java had taken on a cargo of 7,000 barrels of salt at Bay City, shipped to Chicago; and was well out in the lake, when a water soaked log, adrift from a lumber raft, became caught between one of the screws and the hull, ripping off plates to the extent that the hold filled and the ship went down within 15 minutes. The crew had barely time to launch the life boats. I recall Captain Pope being very depressed and saying to Father "I don't suppose you will want me to sail any more of your boats"; and recall Father replying "You were not at fault; and if we need a captain at any time there is no reason why you should not have the berth. Don't take it so much to heart. These things will happen sometimes". The next year Captain Pope was given command of the Colorado. After the breaking up of the Commercial Line Captain Pope was Federal Inspector of Vessels at the port of Buffalo for many years.

When Father built the Commercial Line boats they were the last word in lake marine architecture. The first screw steamer on the upper lakes was the old Merchant,

followed afterwards by boats like those of the People's Line, and later by the twin screw boats of the Commercial Line. Before the screw boats came the steamers on the lakes were all side wheelers. John Ericson was the inventor of the screw propeller, which he used in his famous Monitor, which destroyed the Confederate ram Merrimac in the Civil war. But before the Monitor was built screw boats sailed the lakes and to an extent had replaced sidewheelers. The Commercial Line boats were as large as any on the lakes when they were built; but would be considered small ships now when compared with the largest modern freighters.

Of Father's home associations I naturally knew much more than I did of his business career. I was but fifteen years of age when he lost his vessel property, and hardly old enough to comprehend his business enterprises; but old enough to know and appreciate his personal characteristics, which endeared him to his family and to all who knew him. But before I write about our home life let me go back a ways in the perspective of this story.

I have already related how one of Father's sisters married Abram Dixon of Westfield. She was Mr. Dixon's second wife, and one of his children by her was their daughter Mary, or "Mollie" as she was known in the family. This much has already been told. But now I recall such facts to lead up to a new and romantic incident of this narrative. Cousin Mollie was about the age of my mother and one of her intimate friends; and thus it came about that mother met Mollie's Uncle George. The ripening of their acquaintance into a romance which later led to their marriage, and later to my advent on the scene, and still later to the advent of

you, my descendants, came about in the following manner: Father invited niece Mollie and two of her girl friends, as his guests, to take a cruise up the lakes on one of the People's Line boats, and Mother was one of the friends invited. Father boarded the boat at one of the ports of call and finished the cruise with the young ladies. Before the cruise ended he fell in love with Mother, and she with him, and not long afterwards they were wedded. I like to think that the first and lasting romance of Father's life came to him on a ship which he had fashioned and built, the creature of his vision. He loved his ship; and so it was fitting and natural that he should love that other creature of his vision whom he met on that ship; natural that the greater love should grow in the atmosphere of the lesser until it transcended all other loves and became the great passion and devotion of his life.

Speaking of Father's love for his ships recalls to my mind a question I once asked him, why marine men always speak of a ship in the feminine gender. As I remember his reply it was that sailors feel toward the ships they sail as they do toward their sweethearts and wives. If I had been at the time of my question old enough to appreciate an appropriate simile, I imagine he would have given me a more illuminating answer, perhaps something like this: To a sailor a ship possesses charms and attributes like those which invest a woman of character and beauty, but who exhibits perhaps the traits which are prone to her sex. Ships, like women, have caprices. No two ships, though fashioned exactly alike, ever react precisely the same. One responds quickly to the touch of the helmsman, while the other balks at its rudder and requires careful management to

properly guide it. Ships too, like women, have their heredities. They are born in the past to live in the future. Axes ring in primeval forests, lumbermen chant their raft songs on northern rivers, and ancient trees lend their substance to the structure of the vessel. Ore from the reservoir of the earth flows in molten streams and its light illumines dark skies. Mighty hammers weld unbreakable ribs and plates. The gods and goddesses of nature and fire unite their passions to bear an offspring. Then the genius of the builder designs and shapes; matter and thought combine to produce the finished creation; and Behold, the Ship! Christened, launched and manned, she enters upon her destiny. Her prow cleaves the waves and her graceful form responds to the embrace of the great waters. Within her vitals the throbbing heart pulses in rhythmic beats and urges her forward upon her far flung missions. Above her decks tower the great stacks, and the tapering masts that nightly swing to the music of the constellations. And ever on her high bridge are the watchful eyes which guide her true course lest evil befall her in the wilderness of the sea. She is not a mere structure of dead materials, but a living and sentient personality. Nor is she the slave of the lake or ocean; but its bride and its queen. She woos and humors the waters, but she conquers them, both in their gentleness and their rages. The sea is to her a difficult swain, to be controlled by her feminine diplomacy. And thus, by every comparison, the ship becomes the counterpart of womanhood. For the heart of a woman, the soul which inspires her, has its roots in the ancient impulses of the race; she hears the songs of her ancestors and the beat of the hammers of the past; and she sees the light in dark skies and comes to hear

the music of the stars. There is nothing more inspiring than a great ship, surely and proudly pursuing its course, in calm or storm, ever fearlessly. Nor anything also more inspiring than the life of a noble woman, pursuing her course fearlessly, true to the highest concept of her destiny and her mission. And thus in this simile, we find the question answered, why ships and women are alike, in the conception of anyone who understands and worships both.

Father was fifty at the time of his marriage and mother much younger, in her late twenties; but the disparity in years was not noticeable, for Father was young in spirit and in as good form and condition physically as if he had been much younger. His oil portrait which my son George has was painted about the time of his marriage. The oil portrait of him which my daughter has was painted when Father was about thirty. Photographs in the family album picture Father and Mother as I remember them in my younger years.

### »» The Holt Homestead at Westfield ««

Sometime in the 1850s Dexter Knowlton came to Westfield and there built his home, which afterwards became ours. He purchased the seven acre tract fronting on Main Street at the corner of Pearl Street and extending back to Washington Street, and on the Main Street frontage erected his house, and along the eastern line of the tract and toward the rear he built a large brick stable. The frontage of the grounds on Main Street was about 400 feet, and they extended along Pearl Street some distance to the tenant house which still stands on that street. When Father acquired the property he purchased three more acres in the rear extending

back to Jefferson Street, for pasturage purposes.

Mr. Knowlton built his house of yellow brick, then made only in Wisconsin, and shipped from there to Barcelona, Westfield's lake port, by sailing ship. The house stood where the Westfield High School now stands. It was an imposing edifice, with a main structure two and one-half stories in height, surmounted by a cupola, and with two story wings on the sides and in the rear. The windows in the front of the house in both stories were large french windows, and opened upon either balconies or verandas. The rooms both down stairs and up were fifteen feet in height, with moulded cornices and centerpieces, and bronze chandeliers hung from the centerpieces. The house was lighted by natural gas piped from a well on the shore of Lake Erie two miles distant. The house had its own water supply from a large spring located in the southern part of the village; which supplied water not only to the house, but also to two fountains on the grounds, and for years to an artificial lake in the center of the grounds. The house was heated at first by hot air furnaces, but later a hot water system was substituted. The rooms in the main structure of the house and in the two side wings were large, especially the drawing room, which occupied the entire first floor of the east wing. In that room was a large mirror filling the alcove and extending from the floor to the ceiling, and another reaching to the ceiling above the fireplace. The alcove mirror was presented to the Village of Westfield by my sister and myself after the house burned, and now stands in the hallway of the Village Hall. Fortunately it escaped injury in the fire which destroyed the house some years ago. The drawing room, parlor, sitting room and library on the ground floor

each had a fireplace, each a different design and color of marble, in which soft coal fires burned in cold weather to add to the cheer and warmth of the home. In the main halls and the living rooms the wall and ceiling decorations were oil fresco work. From the main hall on the ground floor winding stairways led through three stories to the cupola, and standing in the hall on the first floor one could see way to the ceiling of the cupola, some sixty feet above. Besides the rooms already mentioned on the first floor there was a large dining room, a bath room, kitchen, pantries and laundry, besides a rear hall; and on the second floor there were nine bedrooms, besides a bathroom and halls. The part of the attic which was really a third story, through which the stairway ascended to the cupola, was partitioned from the rest of the attic and its walls and ceiling frescoed, and was evidently designed as a picture gallery. The effect produced, as one looked upwards from the hall on the first floor, was impressive, especially so when the chandeliers in the halls and cupola were lit with their many gas lights on nights of gala occasions.

The house was furnished complete with carpets, draperies, fine old rosewood and walnut furniture and pictures and bric-a-brac; and well supplied with china, glassware and silverware; and was indeed a beautiful and luxurious home.

Father had a penchant for horses and we always had at least four, a young carriage team, and one or two for Mother and myself to drive. And at times we had a race horse, which competed in the nearby circuits. One of them, Blondin, was quite famous.

During the years we lived in the old home Father

owned a farm of two hundred acres two miles south of Westfield, which supplied us with hay for the livestock and with firewood; and sometimes herds of cattle, bought and sold for profit, were pastured on the farm.

The grounds surrounding and in the rear of our house, comprising the seven acres of the original domain, merit description as well as the house. They were covered with lawns, flower gardens and ornamental shrubs and trees. And in the rear part were fruit trees of every variety indigenous to this climate; and vegetable gardens which were separated by gravel walks, and divided in the center by a long arbor covered with grape vines. There was no flower or blossoming shrub, no ornamental tree, and no fruit tree, known in this part of the country, that could not be found on the place; and lawns and gardens were always kept in the most perfect condition. Driveways and walks extended through the grounds, and the gates of the property were always open and visitors always welcome. It was a frequent sight while we lived on the place to see people driving and walking through the grounds as they do through public parks in our cities.

I have mentioned the artificial lake on the premises. It was located in the rear of the large flower garden and extended about a hundred and fifty feet north to a circular mound on which was a two story rustic summer house, used for picnic purposes; and underneath which, in the mound, was an ice house. The vista from Main Street of the flower garden, lake and rustic house at its farther end, was most picturesque. The lake was originally fed by a spring brook, the overflow from our water reservoir, and we got our supply of ice from it; but the brook finally became extinct and we had to give

up the lake and use its bed as a sunken garden of small fruit trees.

During our family's sojourn in the old home, a period of twenty odd years, from 1863 on, we had at all times a coachman and a gardener, and also one other man to care for the horses, grounds and the farm; and two or more maids and a cook to care for the work in the house. During all of that time we had the same coachman and gardener, who both lived in the tenant house with their families. The coachman was a Mr. Wolpert, an experienced horseman and a most loyal adjunct to the family; and the gardener was a Mr. Callahan, who was a past master in his calling. They both raised descendants who have made creditable places for themselves in the world in the years since they lived on the old place.

It is an interesting fact that two of the trees which added to the beauty of our home became famous. One was a gigantic maple, said to have been the largest tree of its kind ever known. It antedated the memories of the oldest inhabitants. Some years ago it died of old age. The other tree is a bronze birch; which was a mere sapling when I was a boy, but is now famous as the largest tree of its species in America, and is pictured in the leading horticultural books. It is in flourishing condition yet, on the grounds of the High School, where formerly it stood in the center of our west lawn.

The old home, recalled by me as vividly today as I saw it seventy long years ago, is indelibly pictured in my memory. Until we left it at the time of Father's business catastrophe it was as beautiful a home as could be imagined. The lawns, gardens, drives and walks were cared for always meticulously. All the flowers in the

horticultural catalogue lent their colors to the scene; and the two ornate fountains played to the music of a thousand birds that made their nests in the grand old trees. The sheen of the lake reflected the sun in the days and the moon looked from its depths in the nights. On gala evenings the house was lighted from first floor to cupola by the chandeliers and their gas candles, and Japanese lanterns in the gardens lent their variegated colors. The scene was like a veritable view of fairy land, one never to be forgotten. I picture it always as part of my memory of Father, for it was in fact a material demonstration of his personality, a part of his spiritual self. While he did not plan the house or its environs, he made many improvements to both the buildings and the grounds, and saw to it that they were maintained in a state of perfection. I have often seen him of a summer day or evening pacing slowly up and down the main walk which led past the lake, while planning his business projects, or divining some new feature of landscaping to add to the harmony of the surroundings.

The old house is gone from the scene, having burned some years after we left it, and the grounds on Main Street have since been acquired for the village High School, and a fine school building erected over the ashes of our one time home. The remainder of the original tract has been subdivided into lots and is known as the Holt addition to the village. Holt street is now located where the flower gardens and lake were formerly. Nothing remains of the former scene except the brick stable, now a dairy station and living apartments, the old tenant house and a few of the original trees. But things of beauty never cease to be; they live in the future always in the souls of those who knew them in a

past, however distant; and I still glory in the sight of that lovely old home yet visioned in the eyes of memory.

I was never conscious of any ghostly visitant to the old house; but a most mysterious thing, savoring of the occult, happened while we lived in it. My bedroom was at the end of a hall which extended laterally through the main part of the house in the second story. Aunt Olive, one of my maternal grandmother's sisters, while visiting us on one occasion, was taken ill and given my room during her sickness. One night, late in the evening, Mother and I, who were in the parlor down stairs, heard her frantically calling and rushed up to her. The bedroom was well lighted, so that she could see plainly everything in the room, and her bed was next to the door leading into the hall in question. She insisted that just before she called a cloud of smoke had suddenly entered from the hall and filled the room, and that she had plainly seen it. There was no evidence of smoke when we reached her, and no sign of fire anywhere; but she still insisted that the smoke had been there a moment before. Some years afterwards, when the incident had been forgotten, I myself lay ill one night in the same room about the same hour, with the room well lighted, and I wide awake, and saw the same phenomenon of a cloud of smoke coming through the same door and filling the room. I in turn called to Mother and insisted that the house must be on fire. But again the smoke had vanished when she reached the scene, and again there was in fact no fire. Years later when the house did burn, the fire apparently started about the same time at night; and when I examined the ruins of the house afterwards it became evident that the fire had started in the center of the

main structure, and that the smoke had obviously filled the bedroom in question through the doorway which admitted the smoke Aunt Olive and I had clearly seen in our seemingly prophetic visions in the past. Were these experiences mere mental hallucinations, and if so why did they come to both of us? We may be as matter of fact and skeptical as we please, but there are such things as premonitions, such things as psychic warnings, and coming events do sometimes "cast their shadows before."

Many articles of furniture, and books, pictures, bric-a-brac, silverware and china, which were in the old home, have been retained, and also similar furnishings from my wife's home; and after my wife's death all such belongings were divided among our children.

I have yet to relate the story of Father's wedding gift to Mother; a gift not the only one of its kind which ever occurred, for similar gifts have been made before and since, but perhaps no other was ever made with quite the same setting. Mother had lived all her life in the Village of Westfield, except during comparatively short sojourns elsewhere; and her friends and parents lived there. To leave her associations in her home town and find new ones in Buffalo was a transition she dreaded, but accepted as unavoidable, for Father's business convenience would likely require it. Father seemed to have divined her apprehension and set about to spare her what she dreaded, and thus fill her cup of happiness to the very brim. The Knowlton home had at the time recently come on the market, the Knowltons having moved from Westfield. And while Father and Mother were on their wedding journey Father had the Knowlton place purchased in Mother's name, had the home com-

pletely furnished, the stable supplied with horses and carriages, and a coachman, gardener and house servants employed. So that when the wedding journey was over the new home was ready to receive its future Mistress. And all of this was done without Mother having any intimation or suspicion of what was going on. When she and Father arrived back at Westfield at the end of the honeymoon it was, as she understood, to visit her parents for a day or so before making Buffalo her home thereafter. When their train arrived at the Westfield depot she was ushered into a carriage which she assumed belonged to the village livery stable; but which did not pursue the most direct route to her parents' home. She commented on the fact, and Father told her that perhaps the driver was a recent importation. "Anyway," he said, "let's see where he thinks we are going." The carriage drove into the Knowlton place and stopped at the front door. Mother then began to tell the driver that he was mistaken in their destination, when Father lifted her bodily from the carriage, carried her into the house, and said "The driver is not mistaken, my dear. This is no longer the Knowlton home, but yours, the house and everything in it, and the driver, horses and carriage besides." Mother was thus a second Cinderella, for she not only had her fairy prince, but her fabulous castle as well. We can well imagine her astonishment, and her joy. From that moment, and for years afterwards, she was the proud mistress of that wonderful wedding gift; where she and Father lived together in a state of concord and affection such as few couples ever enjoyed.

In memory I picture many incidents of our life in that fine old home; and among them occasions of

evening parties and receptions when the house assumed a gala appearance, being illuminated from ground floor to cupola with its many chandeliers alight. And on political occasions during presidential campaigns, the house was similarly illuminated. On the Fourth of July there was always a fireworks display on the west lawn, attended by invited guests and by the townspeople generally. Relatives and friends were always welcome to our home; and many indeed are the cherished memories of happy visits with us in those unforgettable years of long ago. A picture of the house, taken from an old Atlas of Chautauqua County, and quite true in its details, precedes this chapter.

When the inability to longer maintain the house compelled us to move to the more modest abode of Mother's parents the old home was rented when opportunity offered, until the house was destroyed by fire, some years after Father's death as already stated. The site of the house and the land immediately surrounding it was sold to the High School under a perpetual covenant that the land should never be used for commercial purposes; and the remainder of the premises has since been held for sale in building lots under similar restrictions.

Father was not given to professions of religious convictions, but he was a regular attendant at Mother's church, the Presbyterian, and a substantial contributor to its maintenance. His life was one of deeds, rather than professions, and he exemplified the principles of Christian conduct in his daily living. None of us attain absolute perfection; but looking back over Father's life as I knew it, and I was with him in his times of strength and prosperity and also in those of his weakness and

disaster, he came as close to perfection as few of us ever reach.

### »» Amelia Harrington Holt, Her Parents and Family ««

My Mother was Amelia Selina Harrington, the youngest of the three children, all daughters, of Jonas Harrington and his wife Ruby Benton. Of her ancestry I know little, except as concerns her parents. I do not know of any published genealogy of either of her father's or mother's family. I know that they were both of English extraction, and that their predecessors came to America at an early day, landing in New England. Grandfather Harrington told me that his parents were among the early settlers in Chautauqua County; and I know that Grandmother Harrington's parents were also early arrivals in that county. Grandfather once described to me the journey his parents and he and his brother Jasper made from New England to Forestville, in Chautauqua County, in the early part of the nineteenth century. They travelled with their household goods in an ox team sleigh, in the winter, across the length of New York State, to Buffalo; and from that town to Silver Creek, thirty miles, on the frozen surface of Lake Erie. It is almost certain that they passed through Cherry Valley, and not unlikely that they advised with Grandfather Holt or one of the Ephraim Hudsons as to their further route westward. From Silver Creek they went south a few miles to Forestville, or Smith Mills, I am not sure which. Both those places were naught but small settlements in the wilderness of forest then existing.

Grandmother Harrington's family came from the

town of Benton, in the central part of New York State. The village of Benton still exists, one of the older settlements in the Finger Lakes country. Her family was related, though how closely I never learned, to the famous statesman Thomas Benton.

I do not know just the year of my Harrington grandparents' marriage; but it was sometime prior to 1836, for it was about that year that they moved to Westfield and began housekeeping in a building then located on the north side of Main Street, where Grandfather opened a boot and shoe store. He afterwards built his home on Clinton Street where Mother lived until her marriage, and where my parents lived after they left their more pretentious home. When Grandfather built his house on Clinton Street he also moved his store to North Portage Street, into a building he erected for the purpose, which still stands there, opposite the present Portage Inn. In that building for many years he conducted his business of boot and shoe making, long before the era of large shoe factories. He retired about 1880 with a fortune, small in amount as fortunes now measure, but enough to maintain grandmother and himself comfortably as long as they lived. Their home descended to Mother, and upon her death to my sister and myself, and was sold by us after Mother died. Grandfather's brother Jasper also settled in Westfield and became the principal hardware merchant of the village. His home was also on Clinton Street, directly opposite Grandfather's. Jasper's only daughter married Dr. John Brown, who was related to the Peabody and Selkirk families of Buffalo; and at one time a daughter of the Peabody's lived with Mother in the home on Clinton Street and died there. A quaint oil portrait of

Miss Peabody, painted when she was a child, is in the possession of my son Bernhart.

Grandfather Harrington was highly respected in his community for honesty, sobriety and exemplary conduct. Both he and Grandmother were most sympathetic with other people's misfortunes, and their home was often the haven of those who needed sustenance and rejuvenation. I recall, among other good Samaritan acts of theirs, the case of a friend who was addicted to the drug habit, and who in one of her depressive seizures attempted to drown herself. They had her brought to their home, when her other friends failed her, and nursed her back to normalcy and gave her a new start in life.

After we went to my grandparent's home to live I came to know them intimately and to appreciate their sterling characters. Grandfather Harrington was a man of strong convictions, but of a gentle nature. He was most polite and considerate. I doubt if he ever did a harsh or cruel act in his entire life. He was greatly interested in political questions and in the commercial and mechanical progress of the time. He told me much about the pre-rebellion period and the strong sentiment of the people of the North against slavery. Westfield was on one of the underground railroad routes, and one of the depots along that route was the house of the Johnson's next door to Grandfather's home on Clinton Street. My Aunt Ammie, while a child, walked into the kitchen of the Johnson house one morning to find it filled with colored people sitting on the floor eating breakfast. They were the first black people she had ever seen, and she ran back home in fright and told Grandmother about them. She said Grandmother threatened

her with the most dreadful punishment if she ever told anyone else what she had seen. Another underground station in Westfield was our old home, when Mr. Knowlton occupied it. The story is told, that once, when escaping slaves were secreted in his barn, the federal officers paid him a visit armed with a warrant to search the property. But he had been warned of their visit and was driving out of the grounds with a load of hay as they arrived. He told them to search his place to their heart's content, and said he would be back shortly and introduce them to his wine cellar. True to his promise he returned ere long and entertained the officers generously, while they apologized to him for their unfounded suspicions and their intrusion. No fugitive slaves had been discovered, the reason being that they were underneath the load of hay, which Mr. Knowlton had taken to Barcelona and loaded on a boat bound for Canada, along with the living freight under the hay.

After he retired from business Grandfather became quite a gentleman of that era, and always appeared on the streets of Westfield dressed in his black frock coat and high silk hat, and carrying a cane. I never recall seeing him away from his home dressed in any other manner.

Grandmother Harrington was a woman of strict ideas as to personal deportment and of strong religious convictions; and she brought up her family of three daughters in accordance with such concepts. She was devoted to her home; and never spent an idle moment. She was not in good health when we came to live with her, and died not long afterwards of a painful lung ailment. Because of her great difficulty in breathing she had to sit upright in a chair, and she died in that

position. Up to the last breath she drew her mind was abnormally clear; and with that last breath she spoke the name of a well loved brother who had passed on before. Standing beside her chair I saw upon her face the happy smile of greeting when she saw that brother, and heard her utter his name; and then she instantly passed into that realm where there are no more partings but only glorious reunions.

Grandfather lived but a few years after his wife's death; and Father died within a few weeks afterwards. Mother thus lost within a short time the three whose lives bound her to the past, and the rest of her years were lonely ones. But she bore her loss with resignation and thenceforth devoted herself to my sister and myself.

I hope our descendants will emulate Grandmother Harrington in her unusual energy. She was an indomitable worker, and her house was the acme of order and cleanliness. Housecleaning days while I lived with her, and after her death when mother carried on her example, were dreaded times from my point of view. In those days all floors were covered from wall to wall with heavy carpets, which were taken up at least once a year and beaten to get rid of the accumulated dust, and then put down again. It was always my job to beat the carpets and many blisters and lamed muscles fell to my lot.

### »» Aunt Ammie Fraser and Her Descendants ««

The first born of Mother's sisters was Anna, who married Jefferson Fraser, a patent solicitor living in Elmira. She died not long after their marriage, leaving no offspring. The next sister born was Amorette, who also married Mr. Fraser as his second wife. They lived

in Buffalo for a while, and later moved to Brooklyn, where Aunt Ammie, as she was known in the family, lived all the remainder of her long life; their home being at 226 Quincy Street, where her daughter and one of her sons resided thereafter. The daughter has since died. Mr. Fraser was a member of the patent firm of Burke, Fraser & Connett of New York City, one of the leading firms of the time. He died early in his career, but his eldest son Arthur carried on in his stead and became one of the best known patent lawyers of his day. Later Arthur's two brothers George and Charles became associated with him in the firm; which carried on a large patent and trademark business, not only in this country but all over the world. When they died, not long apart, Arthur and Charles both left large estates to vouch for the extent and profit of their work. George retired from the firm some years before his brothers' deaths, and engaged in the manufacture of rock-grinding machinery, his main factory being located at Brooklyn. His business has been large and profitable when depressions and wars did not curtail it. Aunt Ammie's youngest son, Herbert, followed the engineering profession, and most of his life has been spent as an engineer of the New York Public Transit Company, but he is now retired. Auntie's daughter Anna, who died during the writing of this book, lived with George in the Quincy Street home after her mother's death. She never married. Cousin Anna was all her life the helpmate of her mother and brothers at the Brooklyn home; except that her summers were spent usually at Glenora on Seneca Lake, where she owned a picturesque summer home. She devoted her spare time all her life to painting and has done much of fine work, both in portraits and land-

scapes. An example of her art is the portrait of my sister, a perfect likeness, which belongs to my son Bernhart. Arthur and Herbert married, but neither has had children. As this book goes to press word comes of the death of George; who left a wife, two married daughters and two grandchildren. The Fraser branch of the family will thus have descendants.

I can not close this story of the Fraser children without special reference to cousin Charles. He was very fond of my Mother, my sister and myself, and after my marriage very fond of my Dear Wife, and was a frequent visitor at our homes. As I have already mentioned he died leaving a large estate, the bulk of which he placed in trust to provide by income therefrom for his mother and sister while they lived; and by his will the principal of the fund is to be divided upon their deaths into three equal parts, one to go to his brother Herbert, one to my sister and one to my wife. He also left to my wife a substantial amount as an immediate legacy. As cousin Anna survived both my sister and my wife they never enjoyed their remainder estates under the trusts, but such remainders will pass on to our descendants eventually. It speaks for the affection my Dear Wife inspired in my relatives that Charles should have selected her as one of the principal beneficiaries of his estate, and that such preference given her made no difference whatever in the regard in which the Fraser family held her afterwards.

Aunt Ammie Fraser was an exceptional woman. Upon the death of her husband she maintained her home and brought up her five children, helping to meet the required expenses by taking boarders for several years, while the children were young. It was not, however, long

before Arthur joined his late father's firm, and the other two sons became self supporting shortly thereafter. After her children became launched in business, and financial conditions no longer hampered her, Aunt Ammie devoted herself to public interests and eventually became known as the "Dean of American Clubwomen". She was a member and at one time President of the Cambridge Club, and a member and officer in other Clubs. For a considerable time she was the woman member of the Brooklyn Health Committee, a body of that municipality having jurisdiction over all public health activities. She was a member of Plymouth Church during the pastorate of Lyman Abbott and other outstanding preachers. And she was especially honored on numerous occasions because of her activity and her unusual mentality. Not long before she died she spoke at the exercises celebrating the tri-centennial of Long Island, and was also one of the principal speakers at other public gatherings. Upon her One Hundredth Birthday her friends in Brooklyn honored her by a banquet at the St. George Hotel, attended by five hundred guests; among whom, by the way, were my wife, myself, my daughter and my son Bernhart's wife. The banquet was attended by many prominent persons, and felicitations were sent by former President Hoover, who was one of her friends, President Roosevelt and Mrs. Roosevelt, Governor Lehman and other well known people. One of the best of the speeches made at the banquet was that made by Aunt Ammie herself, who without the aid of a microphone made her words heard all over the large banquet hall.

Auntie died within two months of her 104th birthday; and up to within a few weeks of her death herself

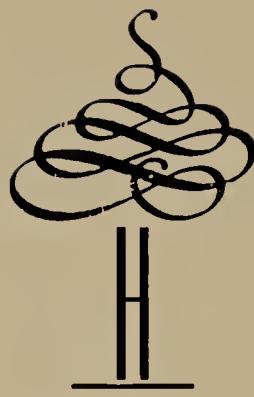
penned her letters to me; and after her failing eyesight prevented her from using a pen she dictated frequent letters to me up to within a few days of her death. To the very end her mind was as keen as ever, and her letters, to the very last, were models of inspiring thought and literary excellence.

Not long after Auntie spoke at the Long Island celebration Governor Lehman spoke at a similar one commemorating the Niagara Frontier; and in his speech mentioned the Long Island celebration and told his audience that Auntie spoke on that occasion. He said that she made the best speech delivered, not even excepting his own; and also said that she originally came from Western New York, and assuming that she was representative of the kind of people grown in this section there was no reason to fear as to its progress in the future.

Her talks were interesting as reminiscences of local and national history in the long gone past. She had lived through five wars and many crises in our country's history. Predominant in her spoken views was the stressing of individualism as the only sure force and principle insuring the progress of the race, industrially and spiritually; and she viewed with alarm the present leaning toward socialism, and the attitude of the present government against the rights of capital and its leaning towards the unfair demands of organized labor. She was an outspoken foe of all New Deal panaceas, a strong voice calling the country back to the fundamental principles under which it had progressed in the past. She had seen what individual and unhampered effort had done in the past, and believed that we should continue by individual effort unhampered in the future.

She believed that each individual should be free to pick his own high star as his goal, unimpeded by the inertia of those not so ambitious; and that no one should be limited in accomplishment by the inability of some other to achieve as much.

Aunt Ammie had a most remarkable memory; so remarkable that her children used to say that she could even remember things which happened before she was born. I suppose that to one looking back a hundred years the line is not so clear between those things told you of past happenings before birth and the things of which you yourself learned shortly after. The astonishing fact is that at her advanced age she could remember much of anything. As an instance of her wonderful memory I recall the following incident: Within a year or so of her one hundredth birthday, and while she was visiting at our home in Buffalo, the subject of my present to her at the preceding Christmas came up. The present was a copy of Service's poems. I asked her which one of his poems she considered the best, and she promptly named "The Pines". I myself consider it the best by far of all his verses, but while I have read it a number of times I doubt if I could recall a single line perfectly. Then to my utter amazement, she proceeded to recite the poem, solely from memory; and upon referring to the book I found that she had recited it correctly, word for word. It had been several months since she had read it. I am inserting it here in order that her feat may be fully appreciated. When you have read the poem try to repeat it yourself, without waiting for any time to intervene, and you will begin to comprehend her marvelous gift, which few can emulate, especially at the age of ninety-nine. This is the poem:



## The Pines

“We sleep in the sleep of ages, the bleak,  
barbarian pines;  
The gray moss drapes us like sages; and closer  
we lock our lines;  
And deeper we clutch through the gelid gloom  
where never a sunbeam shines.

On the flanks of the storm-gored ridges are our  
black battalions massed.  
We surge in a host to the sullen coast, and we  
sing in the ocean blast.  
From empire of sea to empire of snow we grip  
our empire fast.

To the niggard lands were we driven; twixt  
desert and floes are we penned.  
To us was the Northland given, ours to  
stronghold and defend;  
Ours till the world be riven in the crash of the  
utter end.

Ours from the bleak beginning, through the  
aeons of death-like sleep;  
Ours from the shock when the naked rock was  
hurled from the hissing deep;  
Ours through the twilight ages of weary glacier  
creep.

Wind of the East, Wind of the West, wandering  
to and fro,  
Chant your songs in our topmost boughs, that  
the sons of men may know  
The peerless pine was the first to come, and  
the pine will be last to go!

We pillar the halls of perfumed gloom; we  
plume where the eagles soar;  
The North-wind swoops from the brooding Pole,  
and our ancients crash and roar;  
But where one falls from the crumbling walls  
Shoots up a hardy score.

We spring from the gloom of the canyon's womb;  
in the valley's lap we lie;  
From the white foam-fringe, where the breakers  
cringe, to the peaks that tusk the sky,  
We climb, and we peer in the crag-locked mere  
that gleams like a golden eye.

Gain to the verge of the hog-back ridge where the  
vision ranges free;  
Pines and pines and the shadow of pines as far  
as the eye can see;  
A steadfast legion of stalwart knights in dominant  
empiry.

Sun, Moon and stars give answer; shall we not  
staunchly stand,  
Even as now, forever, wards of the wilder strand;  
Sentinels of the stillness, lords of the last  
lone land!"

Very old people seem to recall events of early life, but forget what happened later, but Aunt Ammie remembered everything, happenings of the immediate past as well as those of the most distant. I have among my keepsakes a scrap book containing newspaper accounts of her public activities, many of her letters, and other data which will make interesting reading to those who follow after her.

### »» Descendants of George W. and Amelia Harrington Holt ««

My parents lost two children before I was born, a boy who died within a day or so of birth, and my brother, nicknamed Harry, but whose real name was Harrington. Harry lived to be about three, and died of some infantile ailment. His death was the first great sorrow of Mother's life, and her record of his passing, found in her diary of the time, is a pitiful story. Then I appeared upon the scene. She told me that when Father had looked at me soon after birth, he remarked "This baby is here to stay"; which turned out to be a true prophecy. I remember that later, in my boyhood days, when I was prone to risk my health and sometimes my life in all weathers and hazards, and Mother would become at times very much alarmed, Mr. Wolpert, our coachman and generalissimo during the years of our stay in the old home, would quiet her fears with the assurance that "Do not worry, Mrs. Holt! No one could kill that boy with a broadaxe". Figuratively speaking, that also was a true prophesy; for I have proved to be rather tough; I mean physically of course, though there are some who say that the toughness was not so limited.

Four years after my birth came my sister, Alice Eliza, who also seemed destined for a long life. She like myself was healthy and vigorous; and continued so at all times; but she did not live to old age, as did most of our family, but died in middle life.

### »» Alice E. Holt ««

Aunt Alice, as she was affectionately known in our immediate family, was a handsome young woman, as appears from her portrait already referred to. She had a studious turn of mind, of a literary bent, and was an authority on correct diction. Early in life she began the study of music, and spent some time with Aunt Ammie Fraser at Brooklyn under vocal teachers. She had a sweet soprano voice, and was a pianist of ability also. For a number of years she was a member of the Shubert Quartet, which followed the entertainment circuit in this part of the country. She had, moreover, another musical gift, which I think added to her renown more than anything else, and that was her ability as a whistler; I have never heard a better one.

After Mother's death Alice took up stenographic work, and was the stenographer in my office for a long time; and later filled that position under other employers. Her superior knowledge of English and of perfect transcription made her a valuable secretary in law work.

Not long after Mother's death Alice came to Buffalo and lived with my family thereafter for many years; most of the time thereafter until her death.

Sister was of a deeply affectionate, but not demonstrative, nature. She never married; and though she had admirers of the opposite sex from time to time, she

evidently never experienced the grand passion. She was very generous, like her father. Like him, too, she loved her family and her friends and was loyal to them. She was very fond of me and I of her, and I have missed her greatly.

### »» My Mother ««

I enter upon the story of my Mother's life as I shall upon that of my Dear Wife's, with a realization that I can not do justice to either. My greatest blessing has been their love and devotion; and I find myself without the ability to express in my feeble words what they have been to me in help, guidance and inspiration.

Mother was born at Westfield in 1840. She graduated from the Westfield Academy; and then took a special course in French. Her teacher was Professor Mueller, a native of France, who taught her the proper pronunciation of French words so that she could converse with French people without the difficulty which attends most persons not born into the language. Having finished her education she conducted for a time a private school for children at her home; and later became teacher of French at the Williamsville Academy, which was at that time a girls' seminary. Speaking of Mother's proficiency in French, I recall once hearing her converse with Professor Mueller's parents, who were here in America on a visit to their son. It was easy for me to see that the conversation flowed along as smoothly as if the three talking had all been French born and never outside the borders of their native land. There was none of the difficulty usually experienced when one who thinks he has mastered a foreign tongue here tries to converse with one who learned it in its native habitat. Neither of the Mueller parents

had ever before been outside of France and neither spoke any English; but I could see by their faces and their vivacity that they had for the first time since arriving in our country found someone beside their son who could really speak French as the French people speak it. Mr. Mueller later became Minister of the United States to the French government.

Mother enjoyed good literature and good music, and played both the piano and the guitar. She wrote well, and often essayed poetry. For many years she belonged to the Monday Club of Westfield, and frequently wrote papers on subjects in the Club's course of study, and also wrote the poetic tributes read on the Club's anniversaries and special occasions.

Mother was a charming hostess always, one of the kind who gave her guests full scope of expression and never held the center of the stage for herself. There was never any exhibition of false pride on her part, never anything in her words or manner indicating that she held herself above others, no matter how far above in fact she might have been in many cases. One of the greatest of the compliments spoken to me of her by her friends, was that her sudden change by marriage, from a humble station to one of unusual opulence, left her with the same unassuming manner she had always manifested, without any indication of the pride and dominance which usually follow such transitions. But her crowning virtue was her kindly feeling for everyone with whom she came in contact. My Dear Wife used to say of her "She is kind and good"; and that is the highest encomium one could ask. But she was not by any means merely kind and good, for she was well informed and a good conversationalist, and

interested in important questions and events. She could intelligently discuss art, music or literature with anyone, no matter how well versed in those subjects he might be. And she had a most friendly and congenial manner, that endeared her to all with whom she was acquainted. She possessed a cheerful and unreeling philosophy of life, which enabled her to meet all vicissitudes bravely, however they might hurt. At the time of Father's financial catastrophe she accepted the great change in their fortunes without complaint or melancholy, and devoted herself to sustaining his spirit and minimizing the misfortune.

Mother was a born teacher; and in my younger years taught me arithmetic and language. She was a master of grammar and good diction, and I owe to her whatever knowledge I possess of those subjects. Sister and I learned far more of the cultural things of life in our home than we ever learned in school. And in that home we learned also that other lesson, that truth, honesty and kindness are as essential to a proper education as all the sciences and arts put together.

Mother had the faith of her parents and was an active and sincere member of the Presbyterian church. She was too broad minded to adopt those tenets of that church which were bigoted, but she lived up to all its beneficent beliefs.

She was devoted to her parents and her husband, her children and her friends, and her greatest happiness was in ministering to them. She lived to know my eldest son and my daughter in their childhood, and she took care of my youngest son as a baby of five months during the fatal illness of Mother Henn. It

was while engaged in that last mission of devotion that she was stricken with a heart ailment and died within a few days thereafter. True to the whole course of her life Mother spent the last of it on earth in ministering to those she loved. Surely such souls as hers find reward and happiness in that better realm beyond, which we vision in the certitude of inspired Faith.

Mother might have been much travelled except for an unfortunate weakness. She invariably suffered from both car and sea sickness. In the few lake trips we took after I began to travel with her she was in misery every minute while the vessel was in motion. I think it was a disappointment to Father that she could not travel with him, for he loved the lakes and the sea; and had it not been for her indisposition they would doubtless have visited all of this country and foreign lands as well; but he would not go alone and leave her behind.

In her girlhood days Mother was pretty and charming and in her young married days equally so; as the pictures of her in my possession prove; and she retained her charm of manner to the very last. She never greeted a loved one or friend without a smile which was contagious, and which lingers in my memory as one of its loveliest pictures. She had a host of friends, and never an enemy, and the few people who proved themselves traitors to her trust she forgave and tried to forget.

I have mentioned Mother's broadmindedness. Both she and my Dear Wife possessed that admirable quality to a marked degree. Both were most charitable in their consideration of others' shortcomings, and also with

regard to religious differences. The Presbyterian church was at one time most denunciatory toward the Romanists, a throw back to the bigotry of Calvin and Knox; but neither my mother or my wife ever had any such unwarranted concept. I think Mother would have liked to have me join her church, although she never tried to persuade in that direction; but when I joined the broader Episcopalian faith of my wife Mother expressed her wholesouled approbation.

At the time of the illness of both Mothers in May 1904, at our Prospect Avenue home, the doctor in attendance advised that both were on the road to recovery, and I left on a delayed business trip to Chautauqua county. The day after I left both suffered unexpected relapses, and I was called back. I arrived home just after my mother had passed away; and sister and I took her back to Westfield, where she was buried beside Father in the Harrington lot in the village cemetery. Just three days later Mother Henn died; and my wife and I made another sad trip to Westfield to bury her mother in the Henn lot in the same cemetery. Those were heart-rending days through which my Dear One and I passed in that time of tribulation, those days in which we suffered a dual loss which left its realization upon us ever afterwards.

I have been indeed most fortunate in having had parents of whom I can be rightly proud, whose lives have been inspirations to me, and should likewise be inspirations to my descendants in all the future.

### »» Father and Mother Henn ««

I come now to relate what I know of the life histories of my Dear Wife's parents. Her predecessors prior to

her father and mother I, of course, never knew. Of her grandfather Dr. Daniel Henn I know that he practiced for some number of years in Westfield, where Father Henn was born, and that the family home stood where the Patterson Library now stands. Grandmother Henn, Phoebe Snow Smith, from Watertown, New York, survived the Doctor and lived after his death with their son, and only child, my wife's father; first at Westfield, and afterwards at Buffalo. Grandmother Henn died shortly before I became acquainted with the family. Both Dr. Henn and his wife were buried in the Westfield cemetery. As the story goes, Dr. Henn died of an attack of pneumonia brought on as the result of ministering to a patient some miles out of town, one night when one of the severe blizzards common to Chautauqua county happened to be raging. Driving over the hills of that county, in the winters of those days, was a dangerous task, for the trip was in an open sleigh, and not, as now, in an enclosed and heated automobile. When I lived in Westfield it was not unusual for some resident of the hill country, driving home in a blizzard, to be found in a drift the next day, both him and his horse being frozen to death. I understand the Doctor was in his early forties when he died. He was a member of St. Peter's Episcopal Church at Westfield, and among the family records may be found the deed to him and his descendants forever of the fee of his pew in that church.

There is, among our family heirlooms, a baby dress and a knitted hood which was worn by Grandfather Henn when he was baptized at Cherry Valley, and also worn by Father Henn when he was baptized at Westfield; and when the time came to baptize our

son Bernhart, named after his grandfather, my Dear One and I took him to St. Peter's at Westfield and had him baptized in the same dress and hood.

Dr. Henn was born in Cherry Valley in 1812 and died in 1852 at Westfield. His wife, who came from an old Watertown family, was, as described by my wife, a woman of fine character, a lady of the old school, greatly loved by my wife and her mother. She was born May 16, 1814, and died at the Prospect Avenue home December 26, 1890.

Father Henn was born in Westfield January 9, 1840. After graduating from the Westfield Academy he attended Dr. Chester's school on Delaware Avenue, Buffalo, then considered one of the best finishing schools for boys. I imagine that his father's death may have compelled him to abandon his possible plan of following the medical profession, for he shortly afterwards entered the employ of the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railroad, then the principal railroad running west from Buffalo. It is now part of the New York Central railway system. He rose rapidly in his connection with the company, and ultimately became one of its most popular conductors in the passenger service. At the time of the assassination of President Lincoln, Mr. Henn was honored by being placed in charge of the train which bore the President's body westward from Buffalo, in that funeral journey which became historic.

On a day during the holiday week of 1876, Mr. Henn took out from Buffalo the Pacific express, one of the Lake Shore's principal passenger trains, on its westbound trip to Chicago. The train was an unusually

heavy one, filled with a large number of holiday travellers. A heavy snow storm began when the train left Buffalo and continued until the bridge at Ashtabula was reached; when, as the train was crossing, the bridge collapsed from the weight of snow and train combined, and the train was plunged into the gorge and river below. The loss of life exceeded that of any other railroad disaster, either before or since, except the one which afterwards occurred in the collapse of the bridge crossing the Frith of Forth in Scotland. Mr. Henn sustained severe injuries in the disaster, from which he never entirely recovered; but the calamity was in no way chargeable to him, and he returned to his employment as soon as his condition permitted, and was with the Lake Shore for many years afterwards. Finally his physical condition forbade continuance of his railroad work and he was compelled to find less nerve-racking work elsewhere. The horror of the terrible scene at Ashtabula, which followed the fall of the train into the gorge, and the drowning and burning of the victims, was constantly recalled to his memory; and I well remember his expression when once I thoughtlessly asked him to describe that scene. I knew generally that he had been taken from one of the burning cars and revived sufficiently to direct the work of rescue, and afterwards had collapsed and been taken to the Ashtabula hospital, where he remained for some time; but I had a morbid curiosity to learn more of the details. He put his hands to his face and left the room without making any reply to my question. It is needless to say that I never repeated it.

After our marriage my wife and I lived with Father and Mother Henn for several years, during which period

Mr. Henn was employed in Buffalo part of the time, though for a considerable period he had employment in Ashtabula. During part of the last few years of our stay with my wife's parents on Prospect Avenue he was with us, and while we had our own home in Central Park he and mother Henn lived with us part of that period; and afterwards when we returned to their home he was with us until his death. I thus came to know him intimately, and to appreciate his fine qualities. His health was breaking during the last years of his life, but he accepted the inevitable without complaint. He had an affable and courtly manner, and I can well imagine why he had been so popular with the travelling public during his service with the railroad. During the many years he conducted the best passenger trains of that era he came to know many of the prominent persons of the time, who frequently travelled on his trains. Among them he knew all of the leading actors and actresses, and many of the national political characters and business magnates. Joseph Jefferson was one of his friends, and one of my wife's Christmas gifts when she was a child was from Mr. Jefferson, a spaniel he had himself raised. A keepsake my wife cherished highly was an autograph album, in which may be found autographs of some of the celebrities her father knew.

Father Henn was a man of high conceptions of honor and morality, and his conversation was always of a proper and interesting nature. He had a very wide acquaintance and a host of friends; and because of his unusual experience and personality his passing recalled the outstanding events of his life in obituary articles in the press of Buffalo and elsewhere. Some of those

articles are preserved in my wife's scrap books and will be interesting to our posterity. He died at our Prospect Avenue home November 8, 1902, and was buried in the Henn lot at Westfield.

Mother Henn was the daughter of a prominent merchant of Louisville, Kentucky, a Mr. Steele, whose first name I think was George. She was educated at a seminary in that city and lived there until her marriage. One of her school mates was a Miss Wilson of Fairfield, Iowa, and a close friendship developed between them which lasted as long as Mother Henn lived. My wife was named after Miss Wilson, and the latter's daughter after Mother Henn. It was at the Wilson home in Fairfield that Mother and Father Henn met. He was visiting his Uncle, Senator Henn, whose home was also in Fairfield, at the time, and the two families were friends and intimates. Mr. Wilson was himself prominent politically, and afterwards became a member of the President's cabinet, as Secretary of Agriculture. My wife when a child visited the Wilsons after they came to live in Washington, and those visits to the National Capital were glamorous events in my Dear One's life. She and her mother were guests at the White House, where she saw some of the prominent personages of that day; and one thing she recalled vividly was attending the trial of President Garfield's assassin. In those early days of my wife's life she travelled much with her mother to Iowa, Washington, Chicago and elsewhere, wherever Mother Henn's friends lived; conductors' families in that time having franking privileges on all railroads; and the events of those journeys were often related to me by her.

Miss Wilson married a Mr. McCoid of Fairfield; and I understand some of her family still reside there. Not long before Mother Henn's death Mrs. McCoid and her daughter visited us in Buffalo; but since then I have lost track of them.

Following their marriage, which occurred in 1863, Father and Mother Henn lived at Westfield for a time, but later moved to Buffalo, where they resided ever afterwards. Their first Buffalo home was on the east side of town, in either North or South Division Street. At that time some of the oldest families of the City lived on Swan, Eagle and North and South Division Streets; and I can recall many of the fine old residences on those streets, some still occupied by their original owners, when I came to Buffalo in 1891. Mr. and Mrs. Henn, both being Episcopalians, first attended old St. John's church, which stood on the corner of Washington and Swan Streets, and there my wife was baptized. The Hotel Buffalo now stands on the former site of St. John's. Later on, when my wife was ten years old, Mr. Henn purchased the home where I met my wife at 789 Prospect Avenue. In that latter home my wife and I began our married life together; and in that home Father Henn died in 1902 and Mother Henn two years later. In that home on Prospect Avenue my Dear One and I experienced some of the happiest and some of the most tragic events of our lives. It was the place of our courtship and marriage; our children were born there; it was there that both of my wife's parents and Mother Holt died; and it was there that following the death of our mothers my Dear Wife suffered a nervous breakdown and came very near losing her own life. It was also while living in that home that I

was struggling to build up my practice and the future was somewhat problematical.

Mother Henn was stricken with her fatal illness on her fifty-ninth birthday, four months after our youngest son was born. She was desperately ill for over two weeks, but a few days before her death seemed to have overcome her disease and to be on the road to recovery; then she suffered a relapse and died. As I have already related, Mother Holt, then with us to help in our time of trouble, was taken sick and passed away just three days before. You will not wonder that the old home brings back tragic memories to me as I write this history.

Mother Henn possessed the highest conceptions of honor, conduct and refinement. Like my mother she was a true lady. Between her and my Dear Wife there existed the strongest bond of sympathy I have ever seen manifested between a mother and daughter. Our relations, hers and mine, were of the most affectionate, and never such as frequently exist between in-laws; and in the relations between my own Mother and my wife the same conditions existed. Indeed, how Mother or any other member of my family could find reason to criticise my Dear One is beyond me to conceive. The fact is that all of my kin admired and adored her, as they had every reason to do. Between the two mothers there was always a strong bond of affection also. And looking back I am impressed with the conviction that few families have enjoyed such a relationship of real amity as existed between my wife's relatives and mine.

I owe to Mother Henn a great debt of gratitude. She was of material help to me in the early period of

my business career, in taking into her home myself and my wife, and later our children, and enabling me to support my family economically; and she helped greatly also in helping in the care of our children. Her assistance in this latter respect enabled my wife and myself to have greater freedom in taking journeys and enjoying social privileges than most young couples with children enjoy.

Mother Henn was true to her high ideals, and lived up to them always. She was an aristocrat in the true sense of the term; being proud of her family, not by reason of their material possessions, but proud of the lives they had lived, their good breeding and good characters. And by her heredity, her precepts and her example she passed on those same ideals and justified pride to the daughter she loved.

I know nothing concerning Mother Henn's maternal ancestry; but I conclude that she reflected the characteristics of her mother as well as her father; and she surely gave evidence of no heredity except that of the very best. Her family was divided in their allegiances during the Rebellion, some fighting under Lee and some under Grant, for Kentucky was a border state, and there were good arguments to support the Southern cause as well as that of the North. Mother Henn, being intelligent and broadminded, was not misled into a rabid state of partisanship, and the affectionate relations between the members of her family were not affected by their differences in political views.

She told me of the uncertain conditions existent in Kentucky during the war. The people of Louisville

never knew just what to expect concerning their security. As I recall one incident related by her, Moseby's guerrillas once raided the town, looting the homes of everything valuable. Her family buried some belongings in their yard, and lighter articles of jewelry and silverware she carried away inside her crinoline skirts in pockets made for that purpose. Hoop skirts came well into play on that occasion at least.

Grandfather Steele must have been an outstanding business man in Louisville, judging from what I learned from Mother Henn. She told me about the yearly trips he made by steamer down the Mississippi to New Orleans to obtain imported dress goods and novelties from France for his Louisville store; and how she sometimes went with him on those trips. And she told me also that he was a large dealer in western government land grants, and travelled throughout the far west in acquiring such grants; and sometimes she took those trips also with him. Her description of the palatial steamers that plied the Mississippi in those days, and the glamorous personnel travelling on them, northern capitalists and rich southern planters, and their ladies, not to overlook the aristocrats of the gambling fraternity always present, made captivating pictures of that interesting era. My Dear Wife and I had always planned to take that journey by steamer down the great river; though we knew that the elite of the country no longer patronized that route, and that the present boats themselves were no comparison to their gorgeous predecessors. We were about to secure passage to New Orleans on a cruise steamer from Cincinnati leaving there in the month of September, 1942, when my wife's last illness

began its initial stages and we were compelled to abandon our journey. It is my firm conviction that the journey My Dear One did take was a far more glorious one, and taken in the company of the mother she so dearly loved. To her, therefore, the gain; but to me—a loss and regret which neither time or any other panacea can ever eradicate or lessen in this life on earth.

Of Mother Henn's brothers and sisters I know little, except that she had a sister Belle, whose photograph may be found among our keepsakes. Belle lived somewhere in the south; she had a husband, but I understand no descendants. In fact, I understand that there are no descendants of the Steeles now living, except the grandchildren of Mother Henn, children of ours and brother Bernhart. The Steele race seems not to have been long lived, as most of the members died in their fifties or before. Mother Henn lived to be fifty-nine. My wife was sixty-nine at her death; but her brother died at a younger age. Of all her family my Dear One lived the longest.

One of Mother Henn's brothers was in the Northern army in the war of the Rebellion; and I know that Mother Henn herself was opposed to slavery, but regretted that it could not have been abolished by some peaceful method, rather than by that war which cost our country so much in lives and treasure. Some less tragic method would in time have worked out a solution, had it not been for the fanaticism of some in the North and others in the South whose violence brought on that war of bloodshed and destruction which wiser methods would have obviated. We can not doubt the sincerity of those who so fatally differed;

but we do doubt the wisdom of the course that either of them adopted.

Mother Henn, as well as Father Henn, exemplified the trait of hospitality to its greatest extent. She welcomed to her home all those of her's and my families who visited Buffalo; and that welcome included also all of our friends as well. My Dear Wife inherited her mother's trait in that respect; and no amount of inconvenience to themselves, or additional work or expense, ever influenced them against their inclination to make everyone welcome, whether any obligation to entertain existed or not.

There are some lives with whom we come in contact whose good qualities we unconsciously accept as a matter of course. They do not impress us for what they are until we lose them. Then we recall how all of their acts and tendencies invariably demonstrated goodness and nobility of soul; and bitter regrets for our failure to appreciate them in mortal life come upon us. Of such lives were those of my dear Mother and Mother Henn. God grant to them in the Great Beyond that felicity there which they earned by their deeds on earth; and grant also that the appreciation of those whom they so well served here below may come to them in full realization, even though it be belated, in that happier realm where they wait for us who are left behind.

### »» Bernhart G. Henn ««

Mother Henn left two children to mourn her loss, my Dear Wife and her brother Bernhart. Of my wife I shall have much to relate hereafter; but at this point

I take up the life story of brother Bernhart. He was named after his father, after his great-uncle and after his great-grandfather. He was a few years younger than my wife; and in the days of my courtship and marriage lived with his parents in the Prospect Avenue home. He continued to live there until his marriage, when he left Buffalo to take a position in the West; and although later on he and his wife returned to Buffalo and again lived here for a short time with his parents, most of his life afterwards was spent elsewhere. His wife was Katherine Henshaw, a Buffalo girl, in her teens at the time of their marriage. In the early part of his business career brother Bernhart had the usual ups and downs; but later on became connected with the Todd Protectograph Company, which manufactured a device preventing forgeries of commercial paper, and in such connection he took charge of the company's sales department, and handled it successfully. Later on he became identified with the Hedman Manufacturing Company, which made similar devices; and with that company he became Sales Manager and also Vice President, and was connected with the latter concern until his death. During his business life he lived in Cleveland, Brooklyn and finally in Chicago. He was a salesman and publicity expert of marked ability, and was an indispensable factor in his companies' businesses. His wife was a pretty and charming woman, admired by all of us in the family, and an addition to it of which we were all proud. They had two sons who survived them, viz: Bernhart W. now living in a suburb of Cleveland, Ohio; who has a wife, niece Mae Gillard, and two fine daughters, Betty and Barbara; and Carden, living

at Erie, Pennsylvania, who is about to be married at the time of this writing. Bernhart W. is at present in the employ of the Government in the department having charge of war surpluses and Carden is employed as engineering expert for a company manufacturing refrigerator equipment. In the years gone bye we frequently saw brother Bernhart and his family either at Cleveland, when they lived there, or at their Brooklyn home; and later in their Chicago home; and as long as my Dear Wife lived the sons and Bernhart W's family were frequently at our home. During the last week of my wife's fatal illness Bernhart and his wife and Carden were with me and helped nurse their Aunt Jessie, and stayed with me until after her funeral. She was very fond of them all and so were they of her; and I treasure a lasting feeling of gratitude and affection for their kindness to her. Truly, "blood is thicker than water". Brother Bernhart's wife died in 1927, and he died in 1930.

### »» Jessie E. Holt ««

I come now to the life story of my Beloved Wife. In the Memorial written of her within the two years following her death, I told that story with the burden of such a poignant sorrow upon me that some facts which should be related were not recalled and included in that recital. Now, though the sorrow and the loss are as great as ever, my memory has had a longer time to recover and I can write a more complete history of that life, so precious and so inspiring. No gift of pen ever bestowed upon the most talented of biographers could do full justice to her, or give full tribute to the love and devotion she gave to others. As time goes

on I realize more fully her constant loyalty, and the burden of the many sacrifices she willingly suffered, and also the influence she exerted in every possible way to aid and inspire me. If in this biography I can tell the story, so as even only partially to truly vision her to others, I shall have passed on to her posterity the picture of a life which will ever be an inspiring example for them to emulate.

When I review the history of our families I am impressed by certain unusual coincidences which seem to me to be outside the realm of mere happenstance; and I am forced to the conclusion that it was preordained, from a time far back, that my Dear Wife and I should be destined for each other; and that Fate played a conceived plan to join our families in a kindred posterity. Our ancestors were next door neighbors and close friends in Cherry Valley a century and a half ago; organizers and officers in the same church; joint workers in the building of the same community industrially and spiritually; and Henns and Hudsons became joined by marriage in those days, and then forged the first link in the chain of tripartite kinship. Then later Grandfather Holt and Doctor Henn located, one in Buffalo and the other in Westfield; and Doctor Henn and my maternal grandparents became neighbors and friends in the latter village. Then later on occurred another significant coincidence, namely; Father and Mother Henn, wedded the day before in Louisville, arrived in Westfield on the same train which my parents boarded there the day of their wedding, and mutual friends of both gathered at the Westfield depot and greeted the one couple and bade Godspeed to the other, at the same time. Then some

twenty-eight years intervened, during which neither I or my future wife met; in fact, during which I never even heard of her; and shortly after I came to Buffalo in 1891 a cousin of mine, invited to Jessie's for an evening party, asked leave to bring me with him; and I fell in love with her when she greeted me at the doorway of her home that night. It was in 1910, five years after our marriage, when we first learned of the coincidences above mentioned, and of the association of our ancestors one hundred and more years ago. On the way home from a visit to New York my wife met me at Herkimer and we made together a trip to Cherry Valley, where we learned for the first time of our ancestors' close affiliations in the distant past. And when we considered the other coincidences mentioned we were forced to believe that a benign fate had ordained our union. It seemed to us that in our case "coming events had surely cast their shadows before".

My Dear One was born on February 3, 1873, and christened Jessie Elizabeth Albertine. At the time I met her she had finished her public school course and was a pupil at the State Normal College. She had also studied music and had been giving pianoforte lessons, but discontinued them when she entered upon her Normal course. She graduated from Normal school about two years later; and first taught at a grade school in Depew, New York, and later at one in Ashtabula, Ohio. She resigned from the latter position a few months before our marriage.

If Jessie were herself writing this history she could no doubt tell you many interesting things connected with her girlhood and her schools, which never came

to my knowledge. I of course met most of her friends during our courtship; several of them of the male persuasion being ardent suitors for her hand and heart, but not sufficient pursuaders to overcome my plea for those priceless possessions. Two years after I met her I gained the promise I sought; and among my treasured keepsakes is the arm chair in which she sat the night I falteringly made my proposal; not as good a plea as some I have made in courts, but certainly as fervent, and the outcome of which meant more to me than the winning of all the law cases in the universe.

My courting days were fraught with much anxiety. The Lady of my Heart had several admirers who seemed to be dangerous competitors. It would not be good sportsmanship to mention the names of those less fortunate suitors; but some were men who rose rapidly in the world of business, and who even at that time seemed destined to be able to give to my loved one more than my prospects promised; However, as I have already indicated, Providence was on my side by a fiat preordained, and the prize came to me.

I am not a good artist with either brush or pen, and I can not paint a picture which will do justice to my Dear One as she was when I met and courted her. Her photographs taken at that time are fair likenesses, but they do not show her adorable dimples or her lovely smile. Her face in repose was beautiful, but its great charm lay in its animation, its display of emotions, ranging from those of kindly mischief to those of love, sympathy and all noble qualities. Her features were delicate and perfect; her eyes brown, beautiful and soulful; her hair of a shade of brown

to match her eyes; and her form slender and graceful. She retained her youthful appearance until late in life, and her portrait in the Memorial, taken when she was about fifty, shows her to have been then a beautiful and unusually well preserved woman for one of that age. She did grow heavier as she grew older; but not until the very last few years of her life did she lose any of her physical vigor or activity.

Like her mother, my Dear One placed no limit upon the extent of her devotion to and sacrifice for others, not only those near and dear to her, but friends as well. She never refused a request to minister to those who were sick or in any kind of trouble; and I could not begin to recall those she nursed and helped, many of whom she ministered to in their last moments on earth. As an instance of her devotion I may cite the last illness of our friend Dr. Frank Field. He had been the physician and friend who attended her in her serious nervous breakdown following the deaths of our mothers in 1904; and we owed her recovery then to his care of her for a considerable time in his home at Passaic. In the last month of his life, she tried to reciprocate, when his serious illness came, and went to him at his home in Montclair and aided his wife in trying to nurse him back to health. While ministering to him word came of a cerebral stroke suffered by brother Bernhart Henn, and she left the same day for Chicago, arriving there but a few hours before her brother's death. Immediately after brother Bernhart's funeral she returned to Montclair to bury our good friend Dr. Field. And when sister Katherine Henn died a few years before Bernhart's death my Dear One was with her and nursed and cheered her, during some weeks preceding her passing. She

ministered to many others in their illnesses, and when they needed a trusted friend to aid and advise them in times of trouble. I have already told of her care of cousin Charles Holt while he was ill at our home, and how he planned by his will, which I never found, to leave her his Pennsylvania farm. Another friend, one of mine in Westfield, whom I brought to our home while seriously ill, for the purpose of an operation, left Jessie a legacy when she died some years later. And cousin Charles Fraser, never ill at our house, but a frequent and welcome visitor, to whose entertainment and that of his family Jessie was always glad to give of her time and strength, he too remembered her in his bequests in a most munificent manner. The fortune which was the subject of his gift to her was postponed in its possession for the lives of his mother and sister; but though she did not herself enjoy it, yet she did pass it on to be enjoyed by her children and grandchildren in the future. And speaking of that gift, preferred to my Dear One when the giver had others nearer to him who might have felt that they should have been granted the preference, it speaks for the affection they felt for her that none of them ever resented the gift, nor did they ever lose any of their love for her on its account. Incidentally, the attitude of our Fraser cousins in the respect mentioned speaks well for them, as well as for my Dear Wife, and justifies the pride in which we hold their relationship to our family. As I have already remarked, that my relations should wish my Dear Wife, not of their blood, to share in their estates, speaks more strongly than words for the respect and affection in which they held her, inspired by the lovable and sincere qualities which they found in her.

My Dear Wife possessed a social nature; she enjoyed good company; and she was a most charming hostess, as well as an equally agreeable guest. Always animated and a good conversationalist, she played well her part in any company. If sorrow or anxiety beset her she had the power always to hide it on the surface, however, great it burdened her beneath. She bore her tribulations herself and never visited them on others. If I tried by a few words to sum up her character I might truly say, that truth, loyalty, devotion, sympathy, charity and courage all combined to make her what she was at all times.

I should relate at this stage of my story the events relating to our wedding. It was held at high noon, at St. Mary's On-the-Hill, on May 16, 1895, and was largely attended, mostly by Jessie's numerous friends. The rector of the church, Rev. Charles F. Wrigley, performed the service. My Dear One wore her going away dress; but of course I can give you no intelligent description of what her mother or mine, or the other ladies who participated, wore. My best man was my friend and law partner Carlton H. White. After the wedding a breakfast was served at the Prospect Avenue home, attended by the wedding party, members of the family and friends. My bride and I left on our wedding journey in the afternoon, and our itinerary included stop-overs at Rochester, Albany, a trip by steamer down the Hudson to New York, a visit at Aunt Ammie Fraser's in Brooklyn, sight seeing in the metropolis, and a stop over at Binghamton to visit cousin Charles Holt. On our return we made our home with Mother Henn as I have already related.

Our first child, George Williams, was born in 1896,

on August 19th. Our next child, Katherine Moore, was born January 31st, 1900. And our last child, Bernhart Henn, on December 16, 1903. They were all born in the home on Prospect Avenue. Our good Mother Henn and capable doctors and nurses aided on the anxious occasions; and my wife's perfect health carried her through the ordeals without any disastrous effects thereafter.

Those were proud and happy days when our children came. They were handsome youngsters; and healthy except for the usual ailments incident to childhood; and we reared them, or I should rather say my good wife did, without any unusual complications. She was a model mother, and a successful moulder of the youthful mind, and she brought up the children to obey all essential rules; and they did obey, generally speaking. They early learned to behave properly at home and abroad, and were not permitted to act in any way which made them unwelcome visitors in the homes of others. My wife early in their lives inducted them into Sunday school; and the two boys were members of St. Mary's choir during their younger years.

Lest you readers should conclude that I think my crows "were blacker than others", let me say that they were not by any means saints; but I really do think that, except occasionally, they were good children. Indeed, considering that they were chips from the old block, meaning myself, I never expected them to wear halos all of the time. They inherited from both my wife and myself good health, and from her those fine qualities which should inspire them to live worthwhile lives. And they owe to their good mother, who has left them a saintly memory, the duty to follow, so far as possible, in her footsteps.

One of my Dear One's dominant qualities was her courage. I have never known her to give way to fear or weakness. Agonized in spirit as she many times was, when death or other disaster threatened herself or those she loved, she met the crises always with calmness and a full measure of resource. Awhile back in this narrative I mentioned a trip up the lakes that she and I took on the old Cuba. Our daughter, then a baby, went with us. We were bound to the Calumet & Hecla Company's mining port in Keweenaw Point, Lake Superior, to bring back to Buffalo a cargo of copper. It was in that year and at that time that Galveston was the victim of that great storm from the Gulf, which having destroyed that city, swept up the Mississippi and then whirled eastward to wreak destruction upon the Great Lakes. We had left on our return trip from the eastern end of the Portage canal and steamed in the lea of Keweenaw Point, where we had no intimation of the great force of the storm, and so ran blindly into its fury before we realized what was in store for us. All one night and into the middle of the next day our steamer fought the onslaught of the wind and sea, much of the time on her beam ends, while mountainous waves rolled over her continually. Her rails were broken, furniture, dishes and all movable articles destroyed, and even all the provisions on board soaked and pounded into uneatable condition. Water covered our stateroom floor all night, and we lay in our berths holding on with all our strength to keep from being hurled against the walls. To add to the horror of the occasion all lights on the ship were put out of commission. Other steamers went down in that storm with all on board, and while ours survived, yet it seemed certain that she could not. But never for one moment

did my Dear One show any sign of fear or lose her self control. How many women, or men either, so confronted with almost certain death, would have manifested the fortitude that she displayed? And that was only one of many situations in which she showed a total lack of fear when her own life or safety was threatened; though I have seen her momentarily break when the safety of those dear to her was involved. And her courage was not alone of a physical nature, for she possessed moral courage as well. If danger came to those she loved, or some serious crisis impended, she never gave way to despair, but met the blow ever valiantly, striving to make the best out of a situation which seemed sometimes to portend the worst. It was with that same spirit that she valiantly met the fatal illness which took her from us, calmly and with resignation to her fate.

My Dear One was not of an exacting nature. If our fortunes were meager at times she never complained. If I was successful in any way she applauded me, but if I failed she cheered me on to better luck next time; and never once in all the years we were together did she repine, show disappointment, or compare her lot with that of other women more favored. She loved beautiful things, but if she could not have all of them she craved she made herself satisfied with those she had. She knew what was needed to grace her home, and knew good art from mediocre, and she prized and preserved those belongings of ours which were of the finer type. She and I both revelled in the works of the masters and spent every opportunity afforded us in the art galleries it was our good fortune to visit. We visited the Metropolitan in New York, the Corcoran in Washington, the Carnegie in Pittsburgh, the National in London, the

Louvre and Luxemborg in Paris, the gallery in Milan, and churches and other places here and abroad where famous paintings were to be seen. We studied together the biographies of the masters, and I assisted her at times in the preparation of papers which she read in the clubs she belonged to. I recall two such papers which we wrote together, one on Jean Francois Millett and his paintings, and the other on the art, literature, music and drama of Russia, borrowed from the Byzantine conceptions.

Jessie was not an omnivorous reader; but when she read her taste ran to the best authors, more to those whose style and inspiration had been tested by generations of the past and survived as standards of perfect literature. We read together Dickens, Hugo, Scott, Hawthorne and other writers; and of the poets Tennyson, Longfellow, Poe, Wordsworth, Holmes, Ingelow, and those present day writers of verse who have not substituted oddity for beauty. She never fell for those schools of art or literature which aped the bizarre or grotesque in preference to the true and beautiful. Nor did she ever approve of those false misconceptions of the present which violate cardinal standards of the past, for the specious reason, which unfortunately influences some, that all which is modern must be better than that of any previous era. She believed with her mother that looseness of thought and action were never indicative of either refinement or character; and she set a model of principle and deportment which all of her successors might do well to cultivate.

We mixed in our life together much of enjoyment and happiness to counteract the sad and tragic experiences which came to us, as they do to most. Our children were

a source of happiness as they grew and developed; and when they were launched upon their careers and made good we revelled in their achievements. As our grandchildren came into our lives we felt the same interest in their progress that we had in the progress of their parents before them. I really think that my Dear One was as happy at the advent of each grandchild as she was at the births of her own babies; and I know that her anxiety when complications threatened the safe births of those grandchildren or their mothers, preyed more upon her than the births of her own children ever did. Following the birth of my daughter's twins, a most serious condition developed with her which required a major operation, the outcome of which was doubtful; and from the time my Dear One watched our daughter wheeled into the elevator for the hospital operating room she stood at the elevator door, holding herself up, and never moved from that post until the patient was returned, alive though unconscious, an hour and a half later.

I said that we had much of enjoyment, shared together in the years of our companionship. We had many good friends whose society we enjoyed; and we shared in social gatherings; and we shared too in educational and literary activities. We belonged to the Avonian Society for some years, and also to the Browning Society. We were both members for years of the Buffalo Poetry Society. And my wife belonged to other clubs and societies which I shall have occasion to mention later on; but those just mentioned we enjoyed together.

We took many journeys together, during our married life, for recreation and improvement; some of them of outstanding interest. About the time of our marriage

bicycles came into vogue, and we each had one, and took short trips on those vehicles together. Once we were the proud possessors of a horse and buggy; and later on had automobiles. We both drove autos until the last few years of my Dear Wife's life. We took one auto trip through New England, the White Mountains and the Adirondacks; also one or two to New York; several to Pittsburgh; and many shorter trips. We took also many long trips by train, in one visiting our son George in Oklahoma, and on others visiting brother Bernhart in Brooklyn and Chicago, and together or singly visiting the Frasers in Brooklyn and Glenora. We went by boat three times to Mackinac and Lake Superior, and once down the St. Lawrence by steamer. We drove once by auto through northern Ontario and the Muskoka and Lake of Bays country. We visited Toronto, Montreal and Quebec, and took other trips in Ontario. Twice we took ocean trips from New York to Florida and on one cruise crossed the Gulf of Mexico. Washington we visited several times. And we took numerous shorter journeys. But our most outstanding journey was our trip to Europe in 1924, the story of which may be of interest to my readers.

The English Bar in that year entertained lawyers from all over the world; and Scotland, Ireland and France joined in the event following the English sessions. The invitation included members of the American Bar Association, which I had then recently joined. I had not expected to take advantage of the invitation; but a will contest in which I was retained required testimony to be taken abroad, and my opponent insisted upon open commissions, so that I was forced to arrange to take the journey. However, after all our plans for

the trip were made, and passage on the steamer secured, the contest was settled advantageously to my client; but not to disappoint my wife and daughter I decided to go on the journey notwithstanding.

In three days my wife and daughter, with the aid of their efficient dressmaker, fitted themselves with proper dresses for the receptions which we were to attend; and we sailed on a Cunard liner from Montreal in July for London. We spent a week or more in that city as guests of our English hosts; visiting the Inns of Court and sessions of the courts then sitting; being entertained at Buckingham Palace Gardens and in the Palace itself by the then King George and Queen Mary, at a garden party for the visiting lawyers and their ladies; and we also attended a memorable reception given by the Lords Chancellors at Westminster Palace, where we saw dignitaries from foreign nations, high officials of the navy and army, and members of parliament, all attired in gorgeous regalia. We also attended a reception at the University of London. In the Law Courts building on the Strand we witnessed the unveiling of the Blackstone statue, a gift by the American to the English Bar. And lunches and receptions in the Court Inns opened to us the hospitalities of those ancient seats of legal learning. We visited also Westminster Abbey, the House of Lords, the Tower of London, the National Gallery and other places of interest. After a week or more so spent in London, we started on a trip north, through Cambridge, Ely and York, spending a day in each of those towns, and ending up at Edinboro. In Edinboro we visited Holyrood Palace and other sights; and from that city took trips through the Abbey country and to Abbotsford, and

one through the Trossachs and Lake region of Scotland. On the way back to London we crossed England and journeyed south by the London and Northwestern railroad, stopping at Chester and Stratford-on-Avon. From London we then took an airplane to Paris, where we spent a week or more viewing the sights of that interesting city and registering as guests at the Palace of Justice. Then we crossed France into Switzerland, and visited Lucerne and Interlaken, spending several days in each, and taking side journeys to the Rhone Glacier, and other places of note. From Switzerland we crossed into Italy through the St. Gothard pass, and through the Italian Alps and Lake country, and reached Venice. There we viewed for a week the wonders of that most picturesque of places and crossed the Lagoon to Lido and other points. To get back home in time for my daughter to enter college in the Fall we were obliged to forego visiting Rome and Florence. On the way north we stopped for two days in Milan; and returned to Interlaken, where we took a train back to Paris by way of Berne. We saw much of the Bernese Alps, including a trip to the top of the Jungfrau. The pictures of those countless ice covered peaks of those wonderful Swiss mountains, towering far above the clouds, linger in the gallery of my memory as the most marvelous sights of my lifetime. After spending several days in Paris on the way home, we took a steamer train for Cherbourg, where we boarded our ship for America. On the voyage back we made our first port at Halifax, and from there steamed into New York. Our good friends the Fields met us at New York, and we spent several days with them at Montclair, and with Aunt Ammie in Brooklyn; and our son George and his wife

drove down from Buffalo and brought us back home. On that trip abroad we viewed many of the famous cathedrals and picture galleries of the Old World, saw much of the beautiful scenery of the countries through which we journied, and met many distinguished and interesting persons.

My dear One was much impressed by what she saw of our English friends; and she came to realize that there was a bond of blood, language, laws and faith between our people and the English people which must be preserved if our common ideals of life were to be perpetuated in the future. That journey was one of her many experiences which gave to her an exceptional view point and a broad horizon. When Hitler's diabolical plan to place all Christendom under the brutal heel of Germanic conquest became obvious, a few years afterwards, she realized the necessity of our nation joining with the English and the conquered nations of Europe to overcome his misbegotten project, if humanity was to escape a throwback to the days of barbarism.

We often hear it said by Americans that the English people of the higher class surround themselves with a barrier of prideful reserve; that they are cold and unresponsive. That was not the impression I gained from my contact with them. Indeed, I think we Americans might profit by lessons in manners taught us, not only in England, but also in France, Switzerland and Italy, by natives of those countries in all walks of life, from the lowest to the highest.

My wife, daughter and myself were the recipients of numerous acts of spontaneous courtesy in all those countries. Three of the most striking acts of such nature

happened in England, and were gestures on the part of persons who sat in the seats of the mighty.

The Lord Chancellor's Reception, attended by lawyers from all over the world and by visiting dignitaries, at Westminster Palace, was given by the then sitting Chancellor and by his predecessor, Lord Birkenhead, the latter being at the time the Prime Minister and thus holding the highest office in the Empire. When we arrived at the Reception we were greeted by the then Chancellor and his Lady; and when we left it was Lord Birkenhead who bade us goodnight. The exit from the Palace was a wide stairway; and the retiring guests were intended to pass Lord Birkenhead in single file, so that he could shake hands with each where he stood at the extreme right side of the stairway. But the guests were leaving *en masse*, and in their urge to meet their host, they crowded my daughter to the extreme farther side of the stairway, where she was being forced to descend without getting anywhere near Lord Birkenhead. He was a man of strong and commanding physique, towering above the heads of the other people, and he saw her predicament. Instantly he forced his way to her through the crowd, and extending his hand said, "Young lady from America"—they always seem to place us, how I do not know—"they weren't going to let us say goodbye, but we are going to just the same. I hope you enjoyed our reception. Come over and see us again sometime". She was of course a total stranger, one of his several hundreds of guests, many of whom were persons of note in England and elsewhere; and yet his sense of fairplay and innate courtesy induced him to do what he did, toward one whom he would never see again.

Another act of kindly attention mentioned is related in my daughter's diary of our trip, told by her in the following extract therefrom:

"Thursday, August 5th, 1924. Left on the 10:05 A. M. train from Edinburg for Chester, and went right to the Queen's Hotel, where mother rested, and Dad and I walked around on top of the old Roman wall about the City. After having tea, we took a walk around town and ended up at the Cathedral. The outside is not so imposing as Ely; but the inside is beautiful. We met a charming Verger, who took us around inside, and a more Charming Dean, by the name of Bennett, who postponed the turning out of the lights until we finished our inspection. He waited for us at the door of the transept leading into the Close, and showed it to us. During our talk with him he took from his finger a ring worn by the Deans of the Cathedral for 600 years, and placed it on my finger. He told me that it belonged to the first Dean and was buried with him for 200 years, and when later his remains were removed to a new vault in the building, the ring was recovered, and had been worn by the successive Deans ever since. He said to me 'When you get back home, tell your friends that you are the only Lady in your country who has ever worn the ring of the Deans of Chester'. It was a great honor thus given me. The ring was a large emerald, set in an ancient setting."

And we also observed at the Garden Party at Buckingham, given to the visiting lawyers by the then King George and Queen Mary, that both the King and Queen welcomed with a handshake and a pleasant greeting all of their guests, no matter what their standing. Both of them were most democratic toward everyone on that

occasion, and invited us into the Palace as the final feature of the event.

I am forced therefore to conclude that those who criticize the courtesy of persons high in England's social scale, speak ignorantly and without justification.

My Dear Wife was a homemaker in the real sense of the term. Home in her view, was a haven, the one place on earth where those she loved could find happiness and sympathy. And as she treated those near and dear to her she likewise treated all others. The latch string of our home was always out, ready to admit all of our friends, and in that home there was always found sincere welcome. Her acts of kindness to others were legion in number, so numerous that even she could not record or remember them. Some times those acts were unrequited, but ingratitude suffered from one never dried up the perpetual spring of kindness which flowed undiminished from her soul.

In my spell of serious heart ailment which began some years before her death, which portended at times a fatal ending, she nursed me assiduously. I think her anxiety over my condition had much to do with bringing on her own fatal breakdown. And she nursed our daughter during the illness which preceeded the birth of her twins in 1941. Her care of us and the wear of our ailments upon her own strength undoubtedly hastened her demise, and she paid for her devotion by the supreme sacrifice she stood ready at all times to make for those she loved. Looking back I wonder, was there ever another like her.

She was without guile or false pride, this wife of mine. Had she planned for high position in the fields of her activities she might have risen to the Seats of

the Mighty; but she always took measure of our means and of the duties she owed to the family she was rearing; and she let others pass her into the high places. She had none of the virus of snobbish social aspiration in her make up. Her friends included those of wealth as well as those of small resources, and she treated all alike. She looked for loyalty and goodness rather than for position and influence in those she admired. And envy never entered her soul. The good fortune of a friend was quite as much a joy to her as if it had been good fortune of her own. She hated snobbishness, and no one, however humble, ever failed in receiving the same courtesy from her that she displayed to the learned or the great. She sought no honors, but she nevertheless received many, always gratefully, but always modestly.

She was a faithful member of her church, for years a member of its Altar Guild and a worker in its activities. But she did not rest content with her church service, but was actively interested in other beneficent work. How she did so much and such effective work in so many lines, without neglecting her household duties and the care of her family, has always been a mystery to me. She was a member of the Wednesday Class and the Current Events Club, as well as the literary societies I have already mentioned. She early joined the Buffalo Federation of Women's Clubs and was an officer therein, and chairman of its Legislative Committee; and in that latter position, with my help, she brought about defeat of bad legislation and the passage of good laws. She was a member of the board of the Goodwill Industries, and at one time on the board of the Buffalo Science Society. When the project was

presented to the City Council to build the new Science Museum in Humboldt Park she was the spokesman for the City Federation of Women's Clubs, and made one of the pleas before the Council which resulted in the erection of the new building. When the first City Planning Board was organized she was appointed and acted for some time as one of its members. When the City Federation of Women's Clubs conceived the Town Club of Buffalo as a desirable educational and social center, she was active in its promotion, and was one of the incorporators of it and of the holding company which financed it; and she was one of the directors of those corporations during the years in which the project was carried to a successful consummation. She did valiant service in the early days of the project, and was an honorary member of the Club up to her death. She was active also in the Western New York and the State Federation of Women's Clubs, and might have gone far in those organizations had not the fear that the expense of a high position was more than we could meet, deterred her from seeking high honors. She became a member of the D.A.R. early in life, and was a charter member of the Abigail Fillmore Chapter later. She and I both belonged to the Buffalo Historical Society for years, and attended their functions regularly during our membership. She did Americanization work also for some period. And in the last seventeen years of her life she was a very active member of the Women's Board of Managers of the Erie County Agricultural Society, and was the President of the Board the last year of her life. To her efforts the County Fair during that period owed much of its success in its department of women's activities and household arts.

It was during her Presidency that the addition badly needed to the Women's Building was added; and in recognition of her efforts in bringing about that improvement, as well as her other services for the society, her portrait and a memorial tablet in her memory have been installed in the building. All of such works of public service she wrought without neglect of the private obligations she owed as wife, mother and friend; and thus her life was one of unusual usefulness and accomplishment.

When my Dear One consented to take the Presidency of the Women's Fair Board for the year 1942 she expressed to me a doubt as to whether her strength was equal to the burden of the position; but nevertheless she valiantly essayed the task. I know that it was only her dominant spirit that kept her going until the Fair of that year was over, for shortly after the successful termination of her duties as President her malady, which later proved fatal, began its course.

My good wife had a penchant for humor. She was also full of kindly mischievousness. Once I had a business mission which took me to Norfolk, and I tried to get her to go with me, telling her that we would come home by the way of Pittsburg, where our son George was attending Pitt University. We had not seen him for some time and he was anxious to have us see his boarding house and meet his landlady, who he told us looked very much like his mother. My wife declined my invitation to go with me on the trip, pleading what seemed to me to be a valid excuse, but enjoined me that I be sure and visit George on the way back as planned. My son met me at the Pittsburg depot and took me to his boarding place, expressing his disappoint-

ment that his mother could not have come. Arrived at his lodgings he took me to the kitchen and introduced me to his landlady, who apologized for her apron and the necessity of greeting me in the midst of her culinary duties. Of course I accepted her apology; and then she said it was a disappointment to her that my wife had not come with me, and I recited my wife's excuses and promised to bring her later. For some minutes, while such amenities were being exchanged, I gazed upon the lady's face with the utmost astonishment over the seeming miracle by which two women in the world looked so much alike. I finally awoke to the fact that the supposed landlady was really my Dear Wife herself; but my evident bewilderment pending such discovery was very amusing to my son and wife. The real landlady, who was in on the joke, was in the next room out of sight but where she could hear the conversation.

Frequently my Dear One played practical jokes, all innocent and harmless, on me; and I retaliated by playing many upon her of the same kind; and we thus got much of fun at each other's expense as we went along.

In 1919 we sold the Prospect Avenue house and bought a home on the northwest corner of Berkley Place and Forest Avenue. There we lived until we sold the property in 1936. The homes we lived in during our forty-seven years of wedded companionship, were all dear to us; but the home on Prospect and that on Berkley hold the most sacred associations in my memory.

My Dear One died of a cerebral stroke, the final phase of her illness, succumbing to it after eight days from its onslaught. Although her illness was agonizing for us who loved her to witness, I hope it was not as

painful for her. She was unconscious most of the time, but had lucid moments when she smiled her recognition of myself and the children, but could not speak. Her funeral service was that of the Episcopalian church, which was as she would have wished; and what was mortal of her we laid to rest in the Holt lot in Forest Lawn.

St. Paul truly said "Faith, Hope and Charity, but the greatest of these is Charity". My Dear One had that crowning virtue to a marked degree. We whom she loved were not always kind; we disappointed her at times in ways which caused her no doubt much suffering. I assume that it is the perversity in all of us that we sometimes hurt most those we cherish the most. But she never loved us any the less and always forgave. As for myself, I regretted at all times that I could not do for her what she deserved in material ways, but she never complained of my inability. She was always grateful for the small things I could give her. And she was always proud of my meager accomplishments and overlooked my shortcomings. She was proud of what I ever had of legal success; and she admired my poetry, more than I ever did myself. One of her last requests to me was that I continue my efforts in versification. One of my poems, written on a Valentine Day not so long ago for her, was her favorite; and because she loved it I repeat it in this history.

## »» The Seasons ««

Springtime and youth; and hearts full strong  
To beat quick time to Love's true song.  
Summer and strength; and two who share  
In toil and effort, joy and care.  
Autumn, and tasks found still undone,  
And some done ill; and yet—the sun,  
Declining towards a smoothed sea,  
A sunset paints for you and me.  
We have not lived in vain; nor yet  
Look back and feel alone regret.  
Love has illum'ed the darker ways,  
And cheered us on through sombre days.  
In retrospect, though pain and tears  
Have blurred our vision, and though fears  
Have made us linger in despond,  
The way was brighter just beyond;  
And always in the barren lands,  
We walked together, holding hands,  
So may we journey to the end!  
And may God, in his mercy send,  
When Winter comes and fails the light,  
His hand to lead us through our Night!

Hard as it has been for me to live on without the physical presence of My Dear One, I feel that it was a dispensation of Divine Mercy that she was spared what I have suffered; and I know that while I am beset with a loneliness which has but one remedy, yet in the meantime she is not far from me in spirit, and that I have not long to wait to be in spirit with her.

Who can tell in either few or many words, the story of such a relationship as existed between my Beloved and Myself? My memory is stored with innumerable pictures of that life we shared together. But this tale must not go on forever. At some point I must bring it to an end. And so I must be satisfied with what to me seem only generalities in this meager biography, which I have written about her. But I myself, I know and see over and again all the events too numerous to relate, of that life that my Dear One and I shared together; and they are and always will be vivid and sacred pictures in the treasure house of my memory. And so, Beloved, though I look forward with faith to a time of blessed reunion, my thoughts always go back—

Back to those days when Love's unfolding bloom  
First led me to your Heart, and there found room;  
Back to those times when Life its dearest zest  
Found in that Heart of yours; and I was blest;  
Back to those days agone, when hand in hand  
Our joys and sorrows bound us in one band;  
Back and forever back, my thoughts find place  
And gather, where my vision sees your face—  
Always, Beloved.

Nor will that vision e'er grow dim or fade,  
In everlasting colors it is laid;  
To grow more lovely in my Memory's view;  
More and forever more the Soul of You;  
Until there comes a time when time is past;  
When once again, and Soul with Soul at last,  
I shall find then my vision has come true,  
And be again, my Sainted One, with you—

Always, Beloved.



The Mystic veil which floats between  
This bourne and that which is unseen,  
Where those we love gone on before  
Wait for us at the open door,  
Is but a seeming barrier,  
Its folds a vibrant carrier  
Of voices from that shadow land  
That come to us from that loved band.  
And we their presence still may share;  
There is no wall 'twixt here and there.  
That bond of love, so strong, so great,  
No power its hold can ever break;  
For life ends not with fleeting breath,  
But lives for aye; There is no death.



## »» The Author ««

And now, my readers, there remains but one more life story to make this history of your ancestors complete, as complete as my information can make it, and that is my own autobiography. In its writing I shall not be troubled with that feeling of inability which obsessed me when writing the preceding life stories of those who so truly deserve proper tributes. I have striven to do them justice; but I have left unsaid much which should have been said; and what I have said is naught but a feeble portrayal of lives which deserved a more competent biographer. In the case of my own biography, however, I am not bothered by any feeling of inability. I do not deserve an encomium. My history requires no highly qualified biographer; and I must be only careful not to tell too much. My legal experience has taught me that one may unwittingly sometimes reduce to black and white what he afterwards may wish had not been written. Wherefore I start upon the story of my own life with the resolve to tell only those features which may be helpful to you who come after; those actions which harmonize with the traditions of our family; and those achievements which, though mediocre in their way, show sometimes something ventured, something worth while gained.

There is an appellate court in the State of New York which has a jurisdiction intermediate between the courts *de novo* and the court of last resort, and wags in the legal profession speak of it as the "Court of Intermediate Conjecture". That is of course a slander, for it is really a court of learning and high standing, but not the final arbiter. I am making you, my descendants, the court of "intermediate conjecture", to pass

judgment upon my case after you have read what I relate of my life history, trusting you will temper justice with mercy when you make your decision. After your intermediate judgment, there still remains that Omnipotent court above, whose decrees are "just and righteous altogether", before which we must all at last submit our life records on final appeal.

I was born in the old home at Westfield on March 31, 1868, "with a gold spoon in my mouth", as the saying goes. But, whether for better or for worse, the spoon fell out early in my life; and I have had to make my own way in the world ever since. However, do not assume I am claiming to be a "self-made man" as the expression goes, for there is in fact no such creature. All of us owe our achievements in life to factors of environment; and what I have accomplished worthwhile I owe principally to the heredity bequeathed by my ancestors, to good friends, to my devoted wife, and to the Grace of God, plus what effort of my own I contributed to the result. I warn you at the outset that my story will not be a tale of great accomplishments, but rather the record of a very ordinary person, living his life in the main as fortuitous fate saw fit to dictate, and most of the time doing the best he knew how. I have not caught the tide "Which taken at the flood leads on to success"; at least not that success which we vision beyond the rainbows of our youth. But I have been most blessed with the priceless gifts of parentage and friends, the devotion of a wife than whom none could have been better, and children of whom I am proud; and what more should any mortal man desire?

I began life with a handicap, in that I was very near-sighted and glasses which did not fit me caused

a serious eye condition; which kept me out of school for two years. I got over the condition, but was held back in my schooling. I was, however, with the help of private tutors, able to make up part of my lost time, and I graduated from the Westfield Academy at the age of eighteen in the year 1886. From that time on whatever of education I have obtained I acquired by study by myself and in the school of experience; which, by the way, has a most effective curriculum. I never attended college, and my learning in law I got entirely from the books without benefit of teachers.

Following my graduation from the Academy in June 1886 I entered the employ of Uncle Nelson Holt in New York and was with him until the end of that year. My work consisted in tallying cargoes of imported iron, mostly shipped in bars, from docks in various parts of New York harbor, to canal boats, for transhipment to destinations on the Erie and Champlain canals; and I had occasion to be on most of the piers of the Atlantic steamship companies and also the docks where tramp ships landed, and the opportunity to go on board many of the famous vessels of that time. The job of a shipper's tallyman was not an enviable post, for the tallymen working for the docks received a commission upon all surplus bars of iron remaining after a tally showed that the canal boat had received its full quota, and the dock tallymen were always trying to confuse me in the count and get me to receipt for more bars than had in fact been loaded. The bars were valued at a dollar each, and so every bar the dock cheated me out of was worth real money to the man tallying against me. I accordingly had to be very much on the job at all times: and sometimes I had to call the bluffs

of bullying opponents who tried to intimidate me into receipting for more bars than my tally showed, I was not prone to intimidation, however, being quite able in those days to take care of myself with any ordinary adversary, and so stood the gaff without any untoward effects. I did, however, have one experience which was somewhat trying. I was superintending the loading of a canal boat at one of the Jersey City docks during the longshoremen's strike then in progress; and a gang of strikers sought to stop the loading of the boat. Their plan was to dispose of me first, before attacking the men engaged in the loading. Knowing beforehand that I might have trouble with the strikers I had brought with me that day a loaded revolver, and so was prepared for the attack. The strikers first threatened to throw me in the harbor unless I ordered my men from the job; but I told my loaders to keep on working. Then the strikers came at me where I stood on the canal boat. The deck of the boat was a few feet higher than the dock, and they had to climb up to reach me. When the first one started to get on the boat I lined him up over the barrel of the revolver and told him to climb down. The billingsgate the strikers had fired at me in their threats had made me thoroughly mad, and I was more than ready to shoot, and they saw that I was. I not only warned them against any attempt to attack me, but against any attack upon my workers, and we finished loading the boat without further interference. I had other trying experiences in the course of my employment with Uncle; and I decided that I preferred a more peaceful vocation thereafter; and so did not go back to him the next year. The episode with the strikers was my first contact with labor union methods, though

I have had many since; and all of such experiences have prejudiced me strongly against union tactics, which in my opinion must be combatted with the might of law and military force if necessary, if those of us outside the unions are to have any rights at all in the body politic.

While working in New York I lived with my Aunt Ammie Fraser and her family in Brooklyn, where I was treated as one of the family circle and came to know my Fraser cousins intimately.

Following my return to Westfield from New York I did not for a time decide what vocation in life I should follow; but while I was still debating the problem Mr. Arthur Hickman, then one of Buffalo's well known lawyers, delivered an address on Law and Lawyers one night before our Y.M.C.A. in Westfield. Whether he was proselyting to increase the roll of the legal profession I do not know; but he won at least one convert that evening any way, as I afterwards told him; and I forthwith proceeded to find out how I could join the ranks of what I thought then was the most honorable and profitable of the learned vocations. I have since decided to embrace within that category of honored callings the profession of medicine and the clergy; but at that time it was the law which struck me as opening the most beneficent as well as most alluring career. There was then no law school nearer than the Cornell school at Ithaca, and as my finances were at a minimum stage, I decided that I must learn law by the hard and slow process of reading it from Blackstone and Kent, and other legal works, instead of being expedited through my studies by the aid of professors in college. But right at the outset of

my arduous pilgrimage I ran against an obstacle. I found that I still lacked Regents subjects requisite under the rules of court, which must be passed before I could begin upon the three years course required of office students before trying the bar examination. So I perforce spent a year therafter studying and passing such preliminary subjects before I was actually started upon my study of law.

I first registered as a law student proper with Austin Smith, already in this history mentioned. He had been in his time an active and well known lawyer in Chautauqua county; but he had given up court work when I entered his office; and the following year I registered with Silas W. Mason, also a Westfield lawyer, but one who still engaged in trial practice, which was the branch of law I wished to follow. I remained with Mr. Mason until 1891, when I went to Buffalo and took a clerkship with the firm of White & Simons, then one of the leading law firms of the city.

Both Mr. Smith and Mr. Mason were helpful to me in the way of advice concerning my studies and in giving me a chance to learn something of practice. Typewriters had not yet been introduced when I was in their offices, and so I learned how to draw legal documents and pleadings by the tedious method of copying them in long hand. Imagine a law student of today being asked to write with pen and ink a dozen copies of a foreclosure complaint!

Some years ago the grandsons of Mr. Smith and Abram Dixon, partners in the law a hundred years before, celebrated the centennial anniversary of their grandfathers' partnership, in their office, being the same office which the grandfathers had occupied; and

at the celebration placed on exhibit interesting old legal documents and records. Among such records I found the copy of a letter written by Mr. Smith years ago, which showed that he sometimes mingled humor with the practice of his profession. It seemed that in those days there lived in Westfield a gentleman whose ingenuity in getting what he wanted was not in accord with standard conceptions of honesty. He had purchased from the Buffalo firm of Denton, Cottier and Daniels, then as now dealers in musical instruments, a piano. Not having the funds to pay for the piano in full he induced the vendors to accept a small down payment, and as security for the balance he gave a mortgage on a lot in Barcelona, then the lake port of Westfield; which lot he represented was worth far in excess of the piano's value. He having failed to pay the balance owing on the piano the vendors sent the mortgage to Mr. Smith to take such action in the matter as he deemed advisable. And the letter in question was a reply to his clients. He first advised them that they could foreclose the mortgage, and that he would be pleased to handle the suit for them, and could assure them a successful outcome of the case, so far as legal procedure was concerned. But he said that he felt constrained to inform them that the foreclosure might not be so successful in its practical result. And then he proceeded to explain what he meant in language as I recall substantially like this: "If you will examine the description of the lot in the mortgage, which I return for such purpose, you will see from that description that such lot has a frontage of 50 feet on Portage Street and a depth of 200 feet, and that it commences, I quote, 'At a point in the Portage Road so called exactly two

(2) miles north measured along said Road from the intersection of the center of said Road and the center of the Buffalo and Erie Road so called, such intersection being in the village of Westfield, Chautauqua County, New York.' The lot is of a size which should make it valuable, except for the fact that by such description it is located at least one-half mile out in Lake Erie, where the water is forty feet deep; and I doubt if you will be able to dispose of it readily. However, if you wish me to proceed with the foreclosure I shall be glad to do so. I am, dear sirs, your obedient servant, Austin Smith".

Mr. Smith lived to the good old age of one hundred and two years; and I am told that he retained his sense of humor to the last; which likely accounts for his longevity, for people do not as a rule die from laughing.

Mr. Mason practiced law actively in Westfield for many years and retired finally to live in Florida, where he died some time ago. He was in his prime when I was with him, and was a striking figure of a man, tall, lythe and athletic. He had a fine tenor voice, and was for a long time the male soloist in the Presbyterian church choir, of which church he was one of the pillars. He was an immaculate dresser; and I can see him now as he walked to and from the church services, wearing a high silk hat with his usual frock coat. But despite his otherwise strict and dignified mein, he was always ready, except on the sabbath day, to take off his Prince Albert and accept a friendly challenge from any wrestler, local or foreign, who labored under the delusion that he could throw him, catch as catch can or by any other method of wrestling science. I never knew of his losing a bout.

During my growing up and school years in Westfield, I lived most of the time in the old home on Main Street, where I was a favored youngster. It was a home of luxury, where everything a boy could ask for was at my disposal. When I was fourteen my father presented me with a fine double-barrelled breachloading shot gun of English make, too fine a gun for one so young, and I learned wing shooting. He also gave me a fine Smith & Wesson revolver which I learned to handle with accuracy in marksmanship. Days not occupied in school were spent in the woods or the field, or in fishing in Lake Erie off Barcelona, where hook and line catches of bass, pike, perch and ciscoes were large at that time. But I was not permitted to spend all my time in sports. I had daily tasks; one of which was to carry the wood for the kitchen stove from the cellar; and I was sometimes required to churn the cream into butter; and sometimes to operate the ice cream freezer; and when I became large enough for such work, to keep the gravel walks and drives through the grounds free of weeds, which was quite a job, for those walks and drives were extensive. And in my younger years I had study hours at home when Mother taught me arithmetic and gave me lessons in piano playing.

I have mentioned the tutoring which I received to enable me to catch up with classes in school. My tutors were Alonson Wedge, a fine teacher by profession, who, with his wife, will be recalled by old Westfieldians. He taught me arithmetic and algebra; and his good wife, also a teacher, taught me grammar. With their help I became finally equipped to reenter school in the classes of pupils of my age.

There were no automobiles in those days, but my

family took frequent trips by horse drawn carriage to Chautauqua and Cassadaga Lakes, and to nearby points on Lake Erie; and the young people took buggy and hay rack rides to nearby dances and parties. Drinking was tabooed in that era; and a young man who was generally addicted to that bad habit was ostracised socially; and if anyone attended a dance carrying the aroma of liquor about him no girl would dance with him. This is not to say that the young men were all abstainers, but they had to abstain at all social functions. There were no road houses or public dance places in those days attended by the respectable element; and I think the moral standards were higher than they are today.

While reading law in Westfield I busied myself part of the time in caring for and renting the properties of the old home; and one season cultivated the tillable land as a market garden. During that period I spent some time also in assisting in the conduct of a litigation by which we attempted to, and did finally, save the old home. Father and the Ensigns had formerly been associated in some business way with a Mr. Chard; and Mother had in such connection mortgaged the Westfield property. It was claimed by her, I think rightly, that the Williams Ensign Estate, after the unjust judgment already mentioned, should pay the Chard indebtedness and relieve her property. Her attorneys, White & Simons, defended the foreclosure on that ground, but unsuccessfully. While the foreclosure suit was pending over that controversy the taxes on the property remained unpaid and it became subject to a tax title, which Uncle Nelson Holt bought from the tax purchaser. Then followed a suit brought by

the Chard interests against him to set aside the tax deed. That suit resulted in a judgment in his favor sustaining the tax title; but which was reversed by the General Term; but on appeal to the Court of Appeals the original judgment was reinstated and the General Term judgment reversed. Then later a suit in equity was brought against him to retry the issue of title, but he was again successful, and the property remained in our family. It later passed to Cousin Charles Holt, and from him to my sister and myself. After the division of the tract into lots a part was conveyed for school purposes and some lots sold to other purchasers. The title to the remaining part of the premises was ultimately conveyed to my wife and sister who owned it at the time of their deaths.

The case of Chard vs. Holt is reported, with an opinion by Judge Andrews, in the Court of Appeals reports; and is a recognized authority on the doctrine of estoppel *in pais*; and it should prove instructive reading to those of my descendants who pursue the law as their vocation. I wrote the brief in the Court of Appeals, and naturally felt elated over the adoption of my views by that Court.

I have mentioned the standards of decorum governing the young people in Westfield when I lived there, and drawn a disparaging comparison between those former standards and the lower ones of the present time. But I think I should in fairness say that those who were insistent in maintaining such high standards of that former era belonged mostly to the feminine persuasion. For it seems to me that the boys of that day were as full of original sin as those of the present generation; at least in so far as mischievous deviltry was concerned.

I recall two of those boys, one very closely affiliated with myself, either of whom could have well qualified as the hero of "Peck's Bad Boy." Both those boys were fond of hunting and ammunition cost money, and not so much of that latter commodity was possessed by them. The year of a certain Presidential campaign, the Republicans purchased a large can of gunpowder to use in the village cannon when they celebrated their anticipated victory. Gunpowder in those days was black and it was hard to distinguish it from moulders sand. Learning where the gunpowder was stored the boys in question abstracted it from its container and substituted an equal quantity of moulders sand. Then came the time to celebrate the victory, which did fall to the Republicans as they had expected, and exuberant ringleaders of that party and the defeated and morose Democrats, with numerous townspeople, gathered on the village common. The cannon was duly loaded and everyone covered his ears for the thunderous report. But there was no report. The moulders sand did not respond to the lanyard. Old artillery experts of the Civil War then lent their efforts, but the cannon still refused to shoot. And then began obnoxious remarks from the Democrats, implying that even gunpowder refused to join in the debacle of a misbegotten Republican victory. The feeling began to run high; and when it was discovered that sand had been substituted for gunpowder in the gunpowder container the Republicans charged the Democrats with the substitution. While the cannon refused to explode the Democrats exhibited no such disinclination, and a fine free for all fight was enjoyed by all; especially by the two bad boys responsible. I might add that the real gunpowder was Lafflin & Rands

best, and that the boys were well supplied with ammunition gratis for some time thereafter. I know that the powder was of a high grade, for I used some of it myself.

And then there were other escapades of the young men of my age which were brought to my attention in those days, including those which regularly occurred on Halloween nights. Signs were removed and transferred to inappropriate places, as well as other movable articles; and it was not uncommon to find the sign of the most questionable saloon affixed to the Baptist church the next morning. I recall one morning after Halloween night when the Academy school bell, in the large cupola on top of the three story school house, continued a spasmodic ringing after school commenced; which led the Principal to accuse the janitor of being again in his cups. But on inspection it was discovered that the janitor was innocent, for somebody's mooly cow had been enticed up the stairs of the building the night before and its halter attached to the bell clapper.

It would not be sportsmanlike for me to peach upon those who stole the powder or committed the other misdemeanors which came under my observation. If anyone should unkindly suggest that I might have been *particeps criminis* myself in some of the escapades I should be very much hurt, though I might be compelled perhaps to fall back upon my constitutional privilege as the appropriate answer. In connection with the gunpowder incident there was no investigation, for it was set down as the foregone conclusion that it was just another demonstration of Democratic depravity. In Chautauqua County from time immemorial all offenses have *prima facie* been charged up to the Democrats;

which is perhaps as it should be. But there are exceptional cases of course; and it does sometimes happen that the guilty escape and the innocent suffer.

I recall another stunt in which I and a few kindred conspirators used to revel. Several of us owned .22 caliber revolvers; and when the spirit moved us we would get into what was apparently a serious war of words, in some place where peaceable citizens were near enough to become alarmed by the degree of our assumed anger. Presently the quarrel would pass into the stage where threats of slaughter would be made; and then to the horror of the bystanders, we would draw our pistols and begin shooting at each other. But we were very careful to see beforehand that the cartridges were all blanks, containing full charges of powder but no bullets; and also careful to have such sanguinary encounters take place somewhere far remote from the presence of the village constable; whose pistol was not loaded with blanks. Of course all such pranks were reprehensible, and I trust that you who read my confessions are far too sensible to risk your reputation by indulging in any such foolish antics.

It was Judge Truman C. White who offered me a clerkship in his law office in 1891, and was thus instrumental in my coming to Buffalo. He and his son Carlton, who became two years later my law partner, are the two of my good friends who were the most instrumental in getting me started on my legal career. At the time I joined his office force Judge White had not yet gone upon the bench. He was elected to the Superior Court of Buffalo the following year; and I afterwards continued my clerkship with Seward A. Simons, his partner, until 1893, when Carlton White was admitted, and

immediately afterwards we formed our partnership. I had myself been admitted in 1892.

I can not adequately express my great gratitude to Judge White and Carlton for the help they gave me. Our new firm started out with a clientele composed principally of former clients of the Judge; and we became engaged from the outset of our practice in important litigations which do not ordinarily fall to the lot of such young lawyers to handle. Being somewhat older than Carlton, the trial and appeal work fell more upon me to assume; and I had more of such responsible work to perform than years in my own practice, under a different connection, would have brought me.

Carlton White and I remained as sole members of our firm of White & Holt for a few years, and then Eugene M. Bartlett of Warsaw and Senator Greenleaf S. Van Gorder, of Pike, joined with us under the firm name of Bartlett, Van Gorder, White and Holt. Such latter firm continued for several years, when Mr. Bartlett and Mr. White formed other connections, and Mr. Van Gorder and I continued our association for some time thereafter. Since then I have had a number of office connections with other lawyers, among whom may be mentioned William J. Hickey, afterwards one of our Supreme Court judges, Charles B. Moulthrop, Clark A. Craine, Myron M. Ludlow, Charles W. Strong, Birdseye Jackson, Ernest McIntyre, Adon Crosby and others. At present I am associated with my two sons and Mr. Craine and Bernard Maidy.

Not long after Judge White's elevation to the Superior Court of Buffalo it was merged with the Supreme Court, carrying its then judges into the latter court;

and when Judge White's first term in the latter court expired he was re-elected and served a second term until he reached the age limit of seventy years. He had the same high standing as a jurist that he enjoyed as a lawyer; and in my opinion he was one of the best lawyers I ever knew. It was he who taught me the wisdom of a thorough examination of all the law which might possibly come to bear on a case, even before attempting to draw a pleading therein; and who got me into the habit of making a trial brief in every cause of importance before going into the trial. He told me, early in my practice, to try all of my suits twice, first in my office, with my law books and the witnesses, and then afterwards in the court-room; and I have always followed that method. One is apt to forget something, perhaps a necessary fact which must be proven, in the trial of a complicated case; but with his trial brief before him, on which is stated everything in the way of facts and law, he cannot overlook anything.

Carlton White was like his father in the thoroughness of his work and in his conscientious guarding of his clients' interests. He was a good all around lawyer, well equipped in every way. After we separated he was for some time the Attorney for the County of Erie, an office which he filled with credit. In the last two years of his life his health failed and he was obliged to give up his practice, and I took over his office and his pending matters, and tried his cases and looked after his law business until he died, in addition to my own practice. For genuine friendship and loyalty Carlton White was without an equal, or at least had no superior in those noble qualities; and in his passing

I lost one of the truest friends I ever possessed.

Eugene Bartlett was one of the most brilliant trial lawyers of his time and I learned much of trial tactics from my association with him. Mr. Strong was also a fine trial lawyer. And Mr. Moulthrop was known as one of the best qualified real estate lawyers of his day. My associations with all of my actual partners and also those lawyers with me in office connections were always pleasant; and I look back and review my friendship with them all with kindly recollections. Mr. Craine, Judge Hickey and Mr. Crosby are the only survivors of them all. The rest have passed on into a higher jurisdiction than this world offers, to continue their labors thereafter. Judge Hickey made a capable and honorable record on the bench and retired at the age of seventy. Mr. Craine and I are still office associates, trying to extract some kernels of compensation from the somewhat meager present feed bag of the law. "The old grey hoss (meaning myself) ain't what he used to be", and neither is the feed bag; but I manage to get by.

Some of the income from law practice in the old days came from suits by employees injured through the failure of employers to furnish safe places to work in or safe appliances to work with; and most of those suits were eliminated by the passage of the Workmen's Compensation Law, which limits attorneys to such small allowances that appearances in Compensation cases are not worth the time spent in them. Incidentally the statute has deprived claimants with meritorious claims from adequate recoveries and unjustly burdened employers with recoveries in cases where the injuries resulted solely from the employee's own negligence.

Another thing which has cut down the lawyer's field of profitable work has been the inroads of banks in soliciting the administration of estates; for while the banks do not attempt to proselyte for their own attorneys, yet much of such business goes to such attorneys, which would otherwise be distributed among the lawyers generally.

Of all the kinds of work which a lawyer is called upon to do the most taxing upon his ability, and incidentally his nerves, is the trial of causes; but it is the most fascinating of all the fields of legal endeavor. If one has a general practice and his cases are of a diversified nature he necessarily in his trial work has to learn much of other things besides law. In course of time his trials involve journeys into the fields of medicine, mechanics, engineering, chemistry, mental aberrations, navigation and other sciences, which he must study, to some extent at least, to enable him to properly present his clients' claims and properly examine his own experts and cross-examine those of his adversaries. Trial work too is a study of human nature in all its manifold phases. And there is always presented the element of chance; the trial lawyer must have sporting blood in his veins; he must know how to take the defeats with good grace and not lose his head over the victories. And the victories he wins in difficult causes, if they result from his efforts, bring with them a satisfaction with which few other experiences are comparable. My legal work from the commencement of it, was largely the preparation and trial of cases and their conduct on appeal, and so I speak from experience.

I have no idea how many cases I personally have

tried. Many of course have involved only small amounts or been otherwise of no great moment; but some have involved large sums and valuable interests, when success meant much to my clients and myself. Of such important cases a number have meant difficult and protracted fights which called for extreme effort; and the progress of some of the litigations developed at times exciting episodes. Once a client who found no fault with the way I handled his matters, but who went wrong in his upper story during the course of his troublesome litigation, conceived the idea that it was his function to rid the world of all lawyers, who he thought were a bane to society; and he selected me as the first victim. He was fair enough, however, to forewarn me of his intent and not take me unawares, and I frustrated his efforts in what he believed was a holy crusade. Another demented would-be client who had arranged for a retainer conference, took umbrage because I was late in keeping the appointment and hired another attorney; and when the hearing in his matter came on a day or so later he fatally shot two of the persons concerned in the litigation and seriously wounded the lawyer he had employed in my stead. In the famous Buffalo Waterworks case in which I was one of the counsel, and which I shall presently describe, various methods were resorted to by some parties antagonistic to my client to discourage my connection with the cause and induce me to abandon his defense. Various threats and an attempt at bribery having failed, I was confronted one day, when there was no one around to interfere in my behalf, with several tough looking gentry, who announced that they were forthwith going to beat me up so thoroughly that I could no longer function in

the litigation. I had been afraid that such an attempt might be made, and so was prepared. Before the men came close enough to get at me they were looking into the muzzle of the same old Smith & Wesson that had saved the day for me when the strikers attacked me years before on the canal boat. There is something persuasive about a gun when the man behind it has the right to use it and is itching to shoot; and the tough boys promptly changed their minds and decided to postpone my beating to a later date. During the rest of my connection with that case the same trusty pistol was my constant companion.

Of the litigations I have engaged in, the Waterworks case was the one most publicised. It grew out of the collapse of the pump house of the new waterworks system, installed for Buffalo during the regime of Francis G. Ward as Commissioner of Public Works, in and about the year 1911. Mr. Ward had been planning the system for some time as a substitute for the former system which was inadequate to meet the city's future needs. He eventually consummated his plan and gave to Buffalo its present waterworks, which has proven to be most adequate and successful; and for which achievement by him the citizens of Buffalo should be most grateful to his memory. But in the planning of the pump house a serious fault was made in the specifications for its foundations. The two buildings, the pump house and a boiler house, which comprised with the intake in the lake and the water tunnel, the waterworks plant, were built in the harbor out a ways from the then shore, a coffer dam being constructed for the purpose; and after the foundations were finished a fill of earth, partly wet sand and silt from the bottom of

the harbor, was placed around the outside foundation walls, creating the land which now surrounds the buildings. The fault in the planning of the foundations was that they were not thick enough to withstand the pressure of the fill around them, at least in the case of the pump house foundations; and the wall on one side of the building broke at either end and moved several inches inward in its middle portion during the construction of the superstructure. The contractor who installed the steel uprights on the foundations and supporting the roof trusses and who built and placed the trusses, was my client. He followed the architect's plans and specifications to the letter and completed the structure before the foundations had noticeably moved; and as the foundations were laid by another contractor before his work was started he was in no way legally or otherwise chargeable with the catastrophe. The plans of the foundations were made by the city's engineers, acting in conjunction with the Board of Public Works; and immediately upon the collapse of the building the claim was made by the Board, the city and the District Attorney, that the structure fell because of the failure of my client to install X braces, so called, between the trusses. There were a number of workmen killed in the collapse of the building, and a charge of manslaughter was levelled at my client; and besides such criminal charge a number of civil suits were also instituted against all the contractors and the City by the representatives of the men killed and by several workmen who were seriously injured. There was also threatened against my client an action for large damages because of the destruction of the building. We were able to prove, however, that the architect's plans did not

call for X braces, and also that such braces would not have prevented the collapse. And we also proved that the cause of the collapse was the defective foundation. In proving such latter fact I had recourse to text books on the subject of foundation requirements, and on the subject of lateral pressure from outside fills; and also studied the principles relating to trusses. I found that the foundations in question were inadequate to withstand the pressure of the fill; and that to be supporting of the loads put upon them the lower chords of trusses must remain in tension; that roof loads were carried down the struts between the top and bottom chords; and that the load was then carried finally to the steel uprights on which the trusses rested, if the lower chords were in tension; but if the tension was gone and the load bore down perpendicularly on the lower chords themselves, their supporting strength was insufficient and collapse of the roof was inevitable. Owing to the inward movement of the foundation wall, and the upright steel pillars and superstructure on which the lower chords in the pump house rested, the tension was taken from the chords, and the trusses which would otherwise have been able to sustain the roof proved unable to perform that function. Some of the leading engineers of the country were witnesses before the Grand Jury and in the preliminary examination in the City Court in the criminal proceedings. My client was exonerated in the City Court, and also after the Grand Jury hearing, which lasted one hundred days. When the first of the civil suits reached was tried, the jury, after a twenty-nine day trial, brought in a verdict against the city alone, on the theory which led to a dismissal in the criminal courts, that the

defective foundations were the sole cause of the catastrophe. The other civil suits were afterwards settled without trials, the city being the principal contributor to the damages paid; and my client not being required to contribute anything. In reconstructing the building the original foundations were removed and new ones laid substantially three times as thick as the first, thus proving the correctness of my contention in the case. I learned much about the rules of engineering science in preparing my client's defense, not only concerning foundations but also principles of steel construction, including stresses upon members of steel work, pressure of outside fills, wind pressure and safety margins; as well as about the reading of architect's plans; which illustrates what I have already noted, that a trial lawyer is apt to be called upon to study many things besides only law, and he thus acquires much valuable and interesting knowledge.

At the time of the fall of the pump house and the subsequent criminal proceedings a political campaign was in progress to elect a Commissioner of Public Works. Mr. Ward, the incumbent, was seeking re-election, and the Democrats were vigorously supporting the candidacy of his opponent. An incident that occurred in connection with the newspaper activities in the campaign, which incident I am about to relate, was a most unusual happening and one not apt to be repeated; but I mention it to show the lengths to which political participants will go to gain their ends, and to illustrate what unexpected factors sometimes enter into litigations. There were at the time three newspapers in Buffalo, one a Democratic organ, openly opposing Mr. Ward, and the other two papers Republican in

their affiliations; but one of the Republican papers was bitterly antagonistic to Mr. Ward's re-election. As the criminal hearings in the City Court progressed the Democratic paper reported the evidence therein truthfully and fairly; but the reporter who represented the paper supporting Mr. Ward went far astray from a correct recital of the real evidence, leaving out of his reports all evidence showing the defects in the foundations, and magnifying any evidence which suggested defects in the trusses. It was obvious to me that he and his paper sought to create public sentiment against my client, and exonerate in the public mind the Department of Public Works, and thus aid in Mr. Ward's re-election. I expected such treatment from that paper, because that is the way the partisan press always functions; on the theory that the end justifies the means, even if the means does consist sometimes of misrepresentation. But when I discovered that the other, the Republican paper presumably against Mr. Ward, was just as flagrant in misrepresenting the facts and hiding the Department's connection with the building's destruction, I began to wonder; and finally interviewed its editor. I told him that neither I or my client was interested in the political campaign, but that I was puzzled by the methods adopted by his paper. I said to him "You assert that the Department needs a thorough house cleaning, in your editorials; but the rest of your pages, day after day, contain pure fabrications of the evidence given in court. You say in one place that the present Commissioner is chargeable with fault in the fall of the pump house, and devote the rest of your sheet to recitals of purported testimony, which never was given, exonerating him from blame,

and placing the fault on my client. I have an idea that someone is putting something over on you". The editor was quite as surprised as I; and my visit resulted in one of his staff, not the reporter who had been reporting the hearings, but one whom he could trust, examining the court stenographer's minutes and getting the true version of the evidence. The guilty reporter was forthwith discharged; and from then on the newspaper's reports were correct. I learned from the newspaper's staff that the traitorous reporter was an ally of the Board of Public Works who had succeeded in duping the editor and getting the assignment of reporting the hearings, for the purpose of misrepresenting the facts developed, and aiding the Board and its candidate.

The Grand Jury indicted Mr. Ward; but in my view he was not guilty of any criminal act, and I was glad to be able to assist his counsel in getting the indictment quashed. He did not prepare the foundation plans; in fact was not an engineer; and the fall of the building could not justly be charged to him. The case was just one more of those cases in which the public clamors for a victim, in which cases the power of the press usually plays an important part, and sometimes is instrumental in convincing the public that some innocent person is guilty. No one should permit himself to be so convinced by what he reads in newspapers concerning legal proceedings, especially when political issues are interwoven with some alleged criminal offense. The public prejudice in the instant case was first wrongly induced against my innocent client, largely by the methods of the papers mentioned, and after his exoneration against the Commissioner, who was also not culpable.

The litigations I have conducted have involved most branches of law; in fact, there are few fields of jurisprudence in which I have not adventured. I have had a few patent and admiralty cases, though not many; but in the other fields of both law and equity my practice has been diversified and my cases numerous. My practice has naturally involved more causes in our State courts; but I have had causes also in the Federal courts and some in the courts of other states; and I have had some experience with Canadian litigation. I started at one time to bind in volume form the records and briefs in my cases in appellate courts; but when the volumes reached twenty-four in number I stopped, and my subsequent records in appealed cases remain unbound, and many have been mislaid and lost.

I have tried many interesting cases and witnessed many unexpected climaxes, and have had numerous humorous incidents occur in my court work; but you would not wish me to impose upon your time and patience while I relate such happenings, or expect me to spend my time doing so. This is not the life story of either a "City" or a "Country" Lawyer, or the tale of an Ephraim Tutt. I wish it was the story of such a latter character, but I warned you at the outset to expect nothing of that glamorous nature in my life history.

The life of a lawyer is subject to surprises and experiences wholly unanticipated. He loses cases he expected by every rule and past experience to win, and wins cases which had not a shred of hope in all their apparent fabric. To keep his equilibrium, physical and mental, he must be a combination of gambler and philosopher, with what quantity of humor he can perforce gather to give to his philosophy a flavor of

mellowness. If he can so regulate his mental experience he may live long and with medium comfort, and reap much real satisfaction from his work. But if he wants to get rich he should tear up his diploma and become a labor leader. I would not know which union's leadership to advise, but none of them requires a large investment in any ultra degree of conscience.

It is a misconception that suits are invariably won by the brilliance of counsel and his eloquence. Superior gifts of mentality and oratory do play, it is true, important parts in legal contests; but they are futile aids unless one is well grounded in the law of his case, has evidence of the facts he must prove, and is prepared to meet all possible unexpected developments. Indeed I have found that a reputation for fairness and honesty is a more effective arm than brilliance and eloquence. If a lawyer has the confidence of the trial judge, who believes that he will not seek to mislead the court, even though that lawyer may not possess the brilliance and oratory of his adversary, his chance of obtaining justice for his client, if the client has a just cause, is fairly well assured.

It is an unfounded idea of many laymen that lawyers and judges lack honor, and that lawyers are apt to sell out their clients and judges prone to decide cases not upon the facts or law but influenced by ulterior motives. Such idea is farthest from the truth. There may be cases where such reprehensible conduct occurs; but they are rare indeed. I have never known of any case of mine in which my lawyer adversary sold out, and surely I need not assert my own innocence of any such offense. Nor have I ever had a case in which the lawyer opposing me tried to bribe me. Parties whom I

was fighting have some few times made me offers to induce me to resign from my retainer, but opposing lawyers have never done so. And I can truthfully say that in all the cases I have conducted I have never had reason to suspect that the decision in any of them was influenced by any motive of the court other than his honest conclusion respecting the facts and the law. It has of course occurred in a number of cases that I thought the decisions were based upon erroneous conclusions of either facts or law, but I never thought that the judge was intentionally wrong. It has been my experience that both lawyers and judges are true to the highest concepts of their respective offices and honestly strive to accomplish just dispensations in the cases they handle and decide.

There are cardinal rules of conduct which I would impress upon all of my descendants who follow the profession of the law. The ministry, medicine and the law are spoken of commonly as being the "learned" professions. But I think a better term of classification would be to call them the "sacred" professions. They respectively minister to the salvation of human souls, the cure of human ills and the protection of human rights; and no more sacred duties can be undertaken by the votaries of any calling. A lawyer should therefore consider, first, no matter what temptation may draw him from it, the sanctity of his calling and his duty to try and bring about justice. He should defend the rights of the weak against the wrongful acts of the strong; he should aid the courts in arriving at just decisions; and should never use his talents to bring about wrongful judgments, although he may sometimes profit by such misbegotten fiats. And he should labor

for the perpetuation of those guarantees of fundamental rights which our Federal and State constitutions insure; nor ever lend himself to advocate mistaken infractions of such guaranties on the theory that such infractions temporarily benefit some particular class; for sooner or later even such favored class will suffer with all the rest of us from the result of the avoidance of a vital right. If you who espouse the law, follow the precepts so laid down, while you may never become rich in this world's goods, you will have a spiritual satisfaction more valuable than sordid wealth, and will have rightly played your part in preserving our profession in its sacred nature and purpose. There is a movement now on foot in the bar associations all over our land to solicit the help of the legal fraternity in educating our people, so that they may be warned against the dangers of regimentation, government encroachment upon individual rights, and the degenerative effect of socialistic policies upon the body politic; and I trust that those of my descendants who espouse the law as their calling will join their efforts to aid in the movement proposed.

You lawyers of the future must remember also that the law is a jealous mistress. If you would merit her favors you must devote yourself solely to her, foregoing all tendencies to dally with less worthy charmers. You may burn the midnight oil, but only in her company. You may read the novels of Justinian, but not those of authors outside the pale of sound moral predelictions. You may play the role of Romeo, but not that of Don Juan. You must be a constant student of your mistress and a constant worshiper at her shrine, and not a wastrel or a playboy. Thus, and thus only, will you become the possessor of those gifts which the law will

bestow upon you, and thus only keep the faith and traditions of your high profession.

My greatest helper in my legal career was my true and devoted wife. She was my inspiration always, and ever encouraged me to worthwhile achievements. She was with me in court when I fought some of my hardest battles, and joyed in my victories, and consoled me in my defeats. What I have said in her praise in a preceding part of this history is wholly inadequate as a just tribute; but it will give you some conception of what she was, and always will be to me, both here and in that wider life beyond.

In my time I have crossed swords with many outstanding lawyers, men who gained the highest honors as members of the bar, and some later upon the bench. Frequently the tide of battle went against me in my encounters with those able opponents; but even when I lost I never failed to learn something from them anent the art of trying causes, never failed to have something added to my knowledge which proved helpful thereafter.

When my good friend Judge Charles B. Wheeler, who lived up to the highest ideals of the judiciary, passed on, his wife asked me to write a poem dedicated to his memory. She thereby paid me a great compliment; for she was then herself, and still is, a writer of fine poetry and recognized as a mistress of the art of versification. What I wrote as a tribute to Judge Wheeler might truly be written of other judges I have known, now no longer within the pale of our mortal sight, but revered in our memories; and so I here insert the poem as a tribute to them as well as that friend

to whom it was dedicated, and as a true rule and commentary upon a jurist's functions in the administration of justice.

### »» Since Yesterday ««

It was but yesterday you greeted me,  
As oft before, in manner glad and free,  
With clasp of hand and kindly, smiling face;  
Here in this mortal bourne of time and place;  
But yesterday we met as oft before.  
Can it be true that we shall meet no more—

Since Yesterday?

A voice that answers from within my soul  
Proclaims, no bell for you will ever toll  
A knell of death. It is not justly due  
That Justice Infinite so deal with you.  
A spirit dedicate, to Justice given,  
Will surely still live on in some high Heaven.

Nor is it true that you will be and go  
Beyond, apart from those you love below—  
Since Yesterday.

It was but yesterday, in converse sweet,  
Again as oft before, we came to meet.  
No prophet of a false and hopeless creed  
Can banish you forever in my need.  
Enshrined still where Memory keeps its shrine  
The yesterdays are yet forever mine.  
And still within that Temple I may hear  
Your voice of inspiration, wise and clear—

Since Yesterday.

There are no barriers of time or place  
To balk a questing spirit in its race.  
The past and future form an endless chain.  
There are no measurements to infinite reign.  
You venturing go upon a further quest;  
And yet you still are here, my friend, my guest.  
God grant me passport on the timeless sea,  
Such as you have, through all Eternity—  
Since Yesterday.

I cannot refer my readers to any political honors among my achievements. My experience in politics has been negligible, possibly because I do not particularly care for the game, but more likely because I am not fitted for a political career. Anyway, on the three occasions on which I sought office I was defeated. Once I ran for the office of General Committeeman and lost out; but I did not take my defeat to heart, for the job looked to me as more of a headache than anything else. Then I later on aspired for judicial offices. The first one was that of Chief Judge of the City Court of Buffalo; but I withdrew from that contest at the request of Mr. Greiner, then the Republican leader, who felt that another aspirant had a prior right to the nomination. I concurred in Mr. Greiner's view; and later decided that I was lucky in so doing, for the candidate in whose favor I withdrew was defeated in the election, as I should also have been had I run. Then later I sought nomination for the office of a Supreme Court Justice, during that year in which such Judges were nominated by the electorate and not by judicial convention. There were several candidates for the nomination, one of whom had the support of most of the party leaders, and he was nominated. That

candidate is now the dean of the judges in our judicial district, and has made a most enviable record on the bench. I received in that contest a small total vote; but all the ballots in the town of my birth were cast for me; and I carried also the City of Jamestown and one of the Counties of our district, largely through the efforts of my good friends in those places. Never believing that I had much chance of being nominated, I was not greatly disappointed over my defeat; and I imagine that I have enjoyed my work since before the bench more than I should have enjoyed working upon it.

My political affiliations have usually been with the Republican party, as representing in my view the soundest theories of National economy. And in recent years I have been most antagonistic to the political conceptions of the present Democratic administration, whose leanings toward socialism and governmental control I consider to be a great menace to the future of our Country.

I admired the views of our late President, Mr. Roosevelt, concerning international questions, and for his stand against the Axis buccaneers; but I feared that his policies relating to our own National problems would, if consummated, work the destruction of our fundamental principles, without the preservation of which we cannot continue as a free, happy and progressive people. I am a firm believer in the doctrine that the government exists for the individual and not the individual for the government; and in the doctrine that the individual has the absolute right to the rewards of his industry and talents, unhampered by governmental control. I do not believe that social justice requires that the indolent and incapable should share equally

with the capable, industrious and aspiring; for such a theory is obviously unjust. In other words, I do not believe in any form of socialism; for in my conviction a socialistic dispensation must result in a lack of incentive to achieve and in the reduction of all accomplishment to the level of the inefficient; because eventually all producers of labor and wealth will be mediocre, if the incentive of the individual be destroyed. For such reason I am opposed to the socializing of any of the professions; and likewise opposed to any system which measures the earning capacity of proficient and ambitious workers by the capacity of those less capable and less ambitious. In my political philosophy the less a government meddles with the private vocations and enterprizes of its citizens the more benign a government it will continue to be. Therefore I am against the so-called reforms of the New Deal, and opposed to its leaning toward regimentation. I abhor its unjust discrimination against the rights of employers; and am entirely convinced that its policies will work naught but disaster in the long run. And I hope and pray that the justice and wisdom of the real statesmen in the Democratic party will hereafter dominate and lead that party away from the false Gods it has recently come to worship.

The author of a recent book, "We the People", Nathan B. Williams, sums up my views expressed herein in a comprehensive and epigrammatic manner, in these words:

"It profits me little, after all, that a vigilant authority should protect the tranquility of my pleasures and constantly avert all dangers from my path, without my care or my concern, if this same authority is the

absolute mistress of my liberty and of my life; and if it so monopolizes all the energy of existence that when it languishes everything languishes around it; that when it sleeps everything must sleep; that when it dies the State itself must perish. x x x . We will be wise to remember that Government can usefully attempt but little more than exercise wise restraint; that it is the Governor, not the motive power, of men's accomplishment. x x x . Our people know they are frequently enticed to mountains of high hope, to be there despoiled. They have their hopes and their fears paraded before them by sacrosanct saviors displaying the time-worn lures of a lazy life. They know that occasionally they fall victims to intrigue and banditry. Quite frequently their spirit of high endeavor is weakened. But they also know, as only a free people can know, that it is ever the task of men of determined goodwill to shoulder the burdens of a tattered and torn civilization. They accept the challenge. They know that the United States of America is the dynamic center of ever widening and civilizing enterprise; and, whether in war or in peace, as descendants of men who brought this Nation into being in a spirit of high adventure, they will carry on."

I have devoted my life principally to my vocation, and have engaged in very little of other activities. However, when the now defeated Germany launched its War machine against the other nations of Europe, and its leader openly threatened to eventually conquer the entire world, I became an active member of that organization which favored an alliance with England and the other threatened European Countries. I spoke and wrote in favor of rendering aid to Great Britain

as a necessary means of defending our own land. I believed from the outset that armed intervention on our part would in time become necessary, as it did; and I welcomed the conversion of our people to that foregone conclusion, when such belated conversion was forced upon them at Pearl Harbor. In such efforts of mine I feel that I played my small part in preserving the ideals of humanity and saving it from a throwback to the dark ages.

I am not expected to include in this History anything concerning living descendants of my Dear Wife and myself; but I cannot refrain from saying just a word about them at this point. My two sons have followed me in the profession of the Law. I trust they may both become better lawyers than their Father. They have taken to themselves wives who deserve everything I could say of praise and respect; both of whom have my deep affection and gratitude, for both of them have done all in their power to help and cheer me in my sorrow and loneliness. George and his wife have four children, Isabel, Ann, George Jr., and Linda. My Daughter, the wife of Dr. J. Odin Nevling, has given me a Son-in-law of whom I am justifiably proud; and also four grandchildren, Katherine Elizabeth, Alice Jane, Irene, and Carol. She has been a great comfort to me in my time of trouble. I am indeed blessed in my children and their families, and they are now my most valued possession in what to me has become a world of memories. My eldest Son, George, served as a volunteer in our Navy, in the First World War, and has been active since in the American Legion. Both he and my youngest Son were both beyond the age of Naval or Military service in the present War. When

the Spanish War was in progress I myself wanted to enlist; but I then had a Wife and baby to support, and felt that I could not; and in that conflict there were more volunteers anyway than were needed. While George was debarred by age from enlistment in the present War, he has been active in War work as Chairman of one of the Buffalo Draft Boards, and also as Secretary of the Erie County Defense Committee. Bernhart was for some time on the staff of the Erie County District Attorney's Office, is attorney for the Town of Eden, and has a large and growing clientele. Dr. Nevling was an enlistee in the first World War in the Engineering Corps, and during his course of necessary training the war terminated. He was beyond the age limit for acceptance in the armed forces in the present war. He is one of the outstanding dentists of Lockport.

I have had many loyal and admired friends in the course of my life, and still have many; and I might pay deserved tribute to them all; but again I am reminded that this is a history of ancestors only.

It has been suggested that I tell something of my avocations, and not limit this story to my vocation only. I have already mentioned some of those avocations, those which my Dear Wife shared with me; but there are a few others I might enumerate. I have always enjoyed water sports; and during most of my life until recently, I have been a disciple of Isaac Walton and the Little Red Gods. I have been in the past a devotee of wing shooting, in which art I obtained a fair degree of skill. To bring down a swift flying grouse or woodcock in thick cover, or a Wilson snipe in its gyrations, or a wild duck in its swiftest flight,

does give one a thrill never to be forgotten, and requires instantaneous coordination of eyes, nerves and muscles. But I never could bring myself to include the killing of deer as a sport in which one could find any reason for pride of skill or justification otherwise. Indeed, I have come to regret that I did not confine my shooting to inanimate moving targets, which furnish as much test of marksmanship as do living birds, and do not require the destruction of life. To take unnecessarily life which can not be replaced by the taker, is in my present view both logically and morally wrong; for all life is too wonderful and too sacred to be destroyed except by some compelling necessity. I hope that my successors will use my trusty Parker gun at the clay pigeon traps, and let the birds live out their allotted lives in peace and safety.

Boys of my generation were readers of wild west stories, and our heroes of fiction were all experts with the six-gun and rifle. The height of my ambition in youth was to be able to throw a can in the air and put all the bullets in my pistol through it before it fell to the ground; but the best I could ever do was to hit it with one ball; which by the way is not so easy as it sounds. Buffalo Bill and Annie Oakley were shooting glass balls in the air with the rifle from horseback; and I practiced a long time to attain proficiency in that art, not from horseback but from the ground. I finally managed to average about six out of ten hits; which is not a bad score. But I fear my marksmanship now has gone the way of all things, into the limbo of a past which can never be regained, at least not by me.

I am convinced that the security of our Nation requires that the young men of each generation should

become familiar with the use of fire arms; and that military training should be compulsory. A strong citizen militia is the surest assurance against invasion from without and lawlessness from within our commonwealth. And there is no experience which is as physically and morally beneficial as is military training. It will in my opinion produce a stronger, more patriotic and more conscientious race in future generations.

I have had much pleasure and I believe reaped much benefit from reading; and incidentally from my tendency to play with words in poetic creations. Those creations have not been of any unusual or transcendent merit, but inspiring to myself at least, if not to others; and I have tried to weave into them motifs of high tendency. I have also enjoyed the drama, and good art and music, and the beauty of life and nature. We all waste much of the spans of life given us; but I have tried, part of my span at least, to accomplish some things worth the effort; and in those avocations mentioned I have varied the tedium of existence usually in harmless diversion; and my life has not been monotonous.

When I informed a friend of mine the other day that I was writing my autobiography, he suggested that I should postpone the writing until my life was concluded, for otherwise the later chapters of my experience, not yet transpired, would be omitted from the tale. It is possible he thought it might be as well if I decided to omit my biography altogether. However, there is that in his suggestion which reminds one of an Hibernian tendency. He was in fact suggesting that I write my obituary; but no one since Moses seems to have been able to perform that task. Anyway, it seems to me

that I have spent perhaps more than enough time already in recording my life record, even only up to date; and for both our sakes, my readers and mine, I bring this autobiography to an end. If any of it proves helpful to you who come after me, I shall be repaid for my efforts in writing it.

I submit to you, descendants of my dear wife and myself, this history of your more recent ancestors; the biographies, however, of but a few lives, whose traits and accomplishments are recorded, in that long chain of lives which carry your ancestry back into the limbo of a past unknown and unrecorded, when lived those whose history can never be related either by me or you. But surely the records of the lives about which I have written will furnish inspiration to you who are now living and to your descendants who will live hereafter, even if you and they have no records of those unknown predecessors who lived before the days of Cherry Valley and the landing of Nicholas Holt on the shore of America. And such record must suffice for the examples it presents, for those of you who are our children; but it is incomplete as an ancestral record for our future posterity to emulate; for in their ancestry will be other lives in their past of whose traits and accomplishments I perforce know nothing. In writing what I have I have fulfilled my duty, to the best of my ability and to the extent of my information. But do not you, my children, owe a similar duty to those who are your children and to their descendants? Are the characters and accomplishments of the Reid and Nevling ancestors, and their kin whose blood has become part of the strains of your descendants, not equally part of the record which those descendants

should have and emulate? From what I know of those families they too, as well as those of my wife's and mine, furnish examples of inspiration to our posterity of the future. Whereby upon you, who have fathered and mothered such posterity, falls the obligation to add to this history what I am unable for want of knowledge to add myself; and in the performance of such obligation I trust you will not be found lacking. Remember the words of the poet!

“Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime;  
And departing leave behind us  
Footprints in the sands of time.”

In the parlance of common acceptance perhaps none of your ancestors have been “great” men, in the sense that their fame has been heralded to the four corners of the earth; but within the environments in which some have lived they have exemplified those traits of character without which no man or woman can be intrinsically great in the true sense of the term; and their records should therefore be inscribed as footprints in the sands of time, for your descendants to follow.

Mayhap too my very dear daughter Irene, not of either of our tribes so far as I know, may add the record of her forbears, from whom she inherited those traits which endear her to us all, and the sources of which should also be recorded.



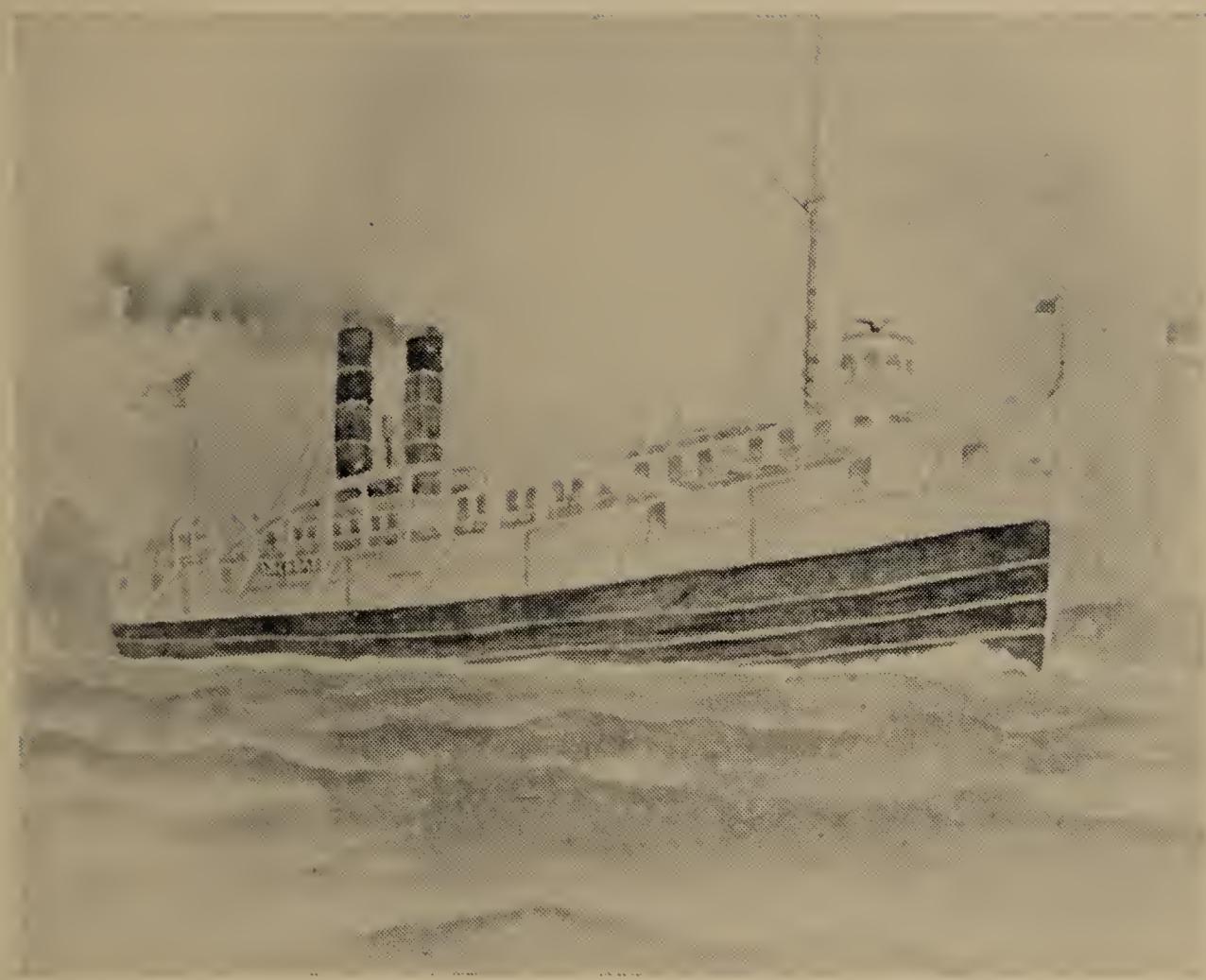




One of the Iron Boats of the  
**COMMERCIAL LINE OF STEAMERS**  
Built in Buffalo During the 1870's  
By Holt and Ensign.

SCOTIA, 2 screws .....	1700 Tons
RUSSIA, 2 screws .....	1650 Tons
CUBA, 2 screws .....	1650 Tons
JAVA, 2 screws .....	1650 Tons





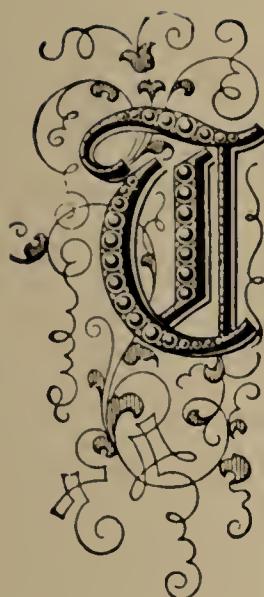
One of the Wooden Boats of the  
**COMMERCIAL LINE OF STEAMERS**  
Showing the Typical Arch Construction.

COLORADO, 2 screws .....	1400 Tons
NEBRASKA, 2 screws .....	1450 Tons
ROANOKE, 1 screw .....	1000 Tons



## Chapter IV

# AND IN THE FUTURE



he purpose in writing this story of your ancestors, my dear descendants, has been to continue your families' histories and genealogical records down to the present time; from which it will become your duty to continue them throughout the future. But that was not my only purpose. A genealogical history is of no importance unless the lives it records were such as inspire others to follow their examples. The mere function of living entitles none to credit or record. Many persons die daily whose balance sheets show no profit to compensate for their gift of life; whose lives might better never have been lived. But the lives of our ancestors were not in that forlorn category; and my principle purpose in writing their life histories has been to show that they lived lives of real worth and accomplishment, not only in material ways, but also and more importantly in the development of their characters, in the perfecting of their spiritual personalities. If in the reading of this book your reaction is one of pride in the ancestry it portrays and a desire to emulate the record of such ancestry, then my main purpose has been accomplished. I want you to follow the trails those

ancestors blazed; I want you to seek the goal they sought; and live by the same convictions they possessed.

Those ancestors, by the records they have left us, lived "not by bread alone". Their lives show a Faith and a Purpose which activated them in all their works. I have tried to bring to you their conception of life, as a thing sacrosanct, indestructible and immortal, destined to continue beyond its brief earthly existence and grow more perfect in its infinitely broader and more beneficent existence hereafter. I have emphasized in the stories of their lives that they were inspired and controlled by such conviction, and that whatever the tasks and accomplishments of their environments were, and whatever successes or disappointments happened to be their fates, there remained to them always the dominant purpose to so shape their conduct, that when their destinies in mortal life were finished, they might go on into that realm of the spirit, whose goal is immortal righteousness, in the ultimate companionship of those gone on before, in the visioned abiding place which the Omnipotent Ruler has prepared for those who will seek and find it, in their progression hereafter.

In this chapter as originally written I presented my reasons for my adoption of the Faith of our forefathers; reasons based not only upon the revelations found in the scriptures, not only upon the miracle of Christ and his Divine Conception of the Kingdom of Heaven and of Christian philosophy on earth; but also upon things witnessed and obvious to our mortal intelligencies indicating conclusively the existence as a part of each of us of a spiritual entity independent of our bodily existences. My conclusions arrived at in this chapter as so originally written do not I assume bear out all of

those of some of our ancestors who were strict fundamentalists, and are certainly at variance with some of the doctrinal beliefs of divers churches; but in respect to the teachings of the Master as I find them in the New Testament my deductions, arrived at even without the revelations which He disclosed, but which are sufficient in and of themselves, lead to the logical and unanswerable conviction that the Faith and Purpose of those gone on before is the only Faith and Purpose which my intelligence can accept, and which we can truly adopt and rightly follow.

This chapter as so originally written I decided was too long to be printed as part of this book; and moreover, I doubt if it would appeal to all of my readers; in fact, I know that some of my conclusions would not be given credence, although I know from my own experience and of my own knowledge that such conclusions are veritable. And so I have therefore substituted this epitomised version of the original draft of this final chapter in the place of such draft. If any of my descendants are interested in the reasons which led me to my convictions, some of which reasons were doubtless the same as those which led your ancestors to their convictions, upon which they lived and by which they shaped their lives, you may find this chapter as so originally written in a separate dissertation entitled "Signs from Heaven", among my papers.

It is much easier to advise than it is to follow advice given. I can hear some of the readers of this history say of the author, that he wisely qualified his advice by the injunction that we do as he tells us but not always as he himself has done. Such commentary would be called for. But you will remember that I have already

remarked that I claimed for myself no attitude as an example, but found for you such examples in the lives of other ancestors more worthy as criterions.

Having sofar indulged in much of moralizing, perhaps I may go one step further in that field and say this:

There are two schools, either of which you my descendants may follow. There is, first, the school of practical persons, those who have their designs set always upon the material pursuits and accomplishments, like the accumulation of wealth or the attaining of political or social positions, to which ends they devote their lives. The devotees of such school may become famous temporarily. But did you ever meditate upon the ultimate fate of those who belong to that curriculum? In a few years or centuries at the most, they become lost in the archives of time. The oblivion which they deserve may be aptly stated in the following paraphrasing of the immortal poem of Omar the Tent Maker:

'Tis true the jackal and the lizard  
keep  
Their court in tombs where conquerors  
dead now sleep,  
Who wait the final trump their souls to  
wake,  
From depths it cannot reach, too deep,  
Too Deep.

You may follow if you please such school of so-called practical accomplishment; but I myself deplore its tenets.

And then there is the other school, of those who build lasting monuments of example and teaching for

succeeding generations to follow until the very end of time. This other school excludes from its membership all those who acquire only for themselves; all those whose gains are solely material and without benefit to any who come after. To this latter school belong those who discover and pass on to posterity new knowledge and new ideals. The purely practical man calls them dreamers, obsessed with visions, wasters of thought and effort, builders of castles of the air in the uncertain vistas of the future and not of material castles of the present. But of the school of which I speak are the philosophers of the past, who divined the profound truths upon which we now base our more beneficent rules of just human relationships. And of such school also are the poets of the past, whose idealistic conceptions of higher traits of human character have done more than any other factor in elevating our standards of thought and of life. And to such school also belonged the Divine Teacher whose philosophy will in time bring the race of men into that peace and concord of universal brotherhood, to accomplish which He gave his mortal life, that all who followed might obtain His true vision of immortal righteousness. The followers of this latter school do not fade from the pages of history as do those of the former. Their accomplishments pass on down to the future as examples of those who brought forth lasting benefits in the upward progress of humanity. I would rather see a descendant of mine, by his efforts in the fields of science, teaching, writing or the arts, produce lasting evidences of true divination than to see him or her amass a fortune or become a great dictator. There are spiritual rewards which are eternally satisfying and

far more valuable than the acquisition of wealth or the seats of the mighty. "For what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, but lose his own soul?"

We fail to realize the immeasurable values of the accomplishments of those advance agents in the march of human progress. Historians dwell upon the achievements of conquerors and statesmen; but overlook the deeds of scientists, philosophers, poets and teachers. Progress in lasting ways is more in the field of learning than in the brief reign of dynasties or the methods of those who control them. Back of all history and the fates of nations is the character of the peoples of the changing periods. As such character becomes more intelligent and inspired, the nations advance more rapidly from barbarism to higher types of civilization. And so we must finally give the greater credit to those who have striven to teach us the true philosophy of life; rather than to those who have erstwhile ruled by strength or craft; credit to Socrates and Plato, rather than to Caesar; credit to the writers of inspired verse rather than to spoilsmen; credit to Christ rather than to the leaders of armies whose conquests brought death and misery to countless victims.

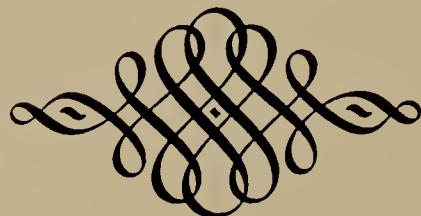
One may learn more from the speculations in the beautiful verses of Omar than from the commentaries of Gengis Khan; more from the philosophy of an Emerson than from the campaigns of Napoleon; more from the poems of Tennyson and Longfellow than from the theories of some new school of political economy; more from the Sermon on the Mount than from all the affirmations of materialists. A people without conceptions of true righteousness and without faith based thereon is a people bound backward and not for-

ward. And such conceptions leading forward and upward are brought to us by those teachers who unselfishly strive by inspiration to inspire others towards the only true philosophy of living, here and in the hereafter.

We are none of us alike in our deductions and divinations, and we do not always arrive at exactly the same final convictions. But to this conclusion we all must come, if we seriously view our destinies, that worldly pursuits and achievements, laudable as those honestly consummated may be, are but transitory, and that to live a life truly inspired and ordained one must adopt as his motive the higher aims and aspirations which bring lasting achievements in character and spirit. And in the lives of your ancestors you may find such examples set for you to follow, in all those inspired by that Faith and Purpose which I have shown dominated them, by which they lived on earth and now live in that higher life beyond.

The pen of an inspired poet wrote into his poem of the "Chambered Nautilus" an invocation to his soul, which should be likewise an invocation to the soul of everyone:

“Build thou more stately mansions,  
    O my Soul,  
As the swift seasons roll!  
Leave thy low-vaulted past!  
Let each new temple, nobler than  
    the last,  
Raise thee toward Heaven with a  
    dome more vast;  
'Till thou at length art free;  
Leaving thine outgrown shell by  
    life's unresting sea!”





## ADDENDA

# I

From the book by Daniel S. Durrie entitled "Holt Family in the United States", published in 1864 and previously referred to in this book.

Mr. Durrie is named in the title page thereof as being "the Librarian of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin, author of the Steele Family Genealogy, and a member of the Connecticut Historical Society and the New England Historic-Genealogical Society". At page 105, as one of the fifth generation from Nicholas Holt, the original American progenitor, the book contains the record of Grandfather Elijah Holt and his family, but it omits his first marriage to Elizabeth Williams, and incorrectly credits to his second wife Mary Adams, our ancestress, the children of his first wife as well as her own offspring. Uncle Nelson's notes correct such error and give as the children of the first wife Olive, who married Elisha Ensign; Williams, who married Louisa Vibbard; and Jerusha, who married Erastus Johnson. As corrected by Uncle Nelson. the record should read:

Children of Elijah (586) and Elizabeth Williams, his first wife; namely, the the three above mentioned.

"Children of Elijah (586) and Mary (Adams) Holt.

1375. Elizabeth; b. Cherry Valley; accidentally killed in youth.

1379. Eliza Williams; b. Cherry Valley; m. Hon. A. Dixon of Westfield, N. Y.

1380. Horatio Nelson (2626); b. Cherry Valley; m. July 24, 1839, Abby Seymour, daughter of Henry R. Seymour, a son of Governor Seymour; lives in New York; 3 ch.

1381. Adams; b. Cherry Valley; m. Silvia Hawks.

1382. Elijah; b. Cherry Valley; m. and lives at Rockford, Ill.

1383. Mary; b. Cherry Valley; m. Rev. William Parsons.

1384. Harriett; b. Cherry Valley; m. Dr P. Caner, and 2d Elam R. Bliss, Westfield, N. Y.

1385. George W; b. Buffalo in 1813; unmarried, Buffalo, N. Y."

The statement that Father Holt was unmarried at the time of the publication of the book is incorrect, for he was married in 1863.

Going back into the Fourth generation from Nicholas, to find the parentage of Grandfather Elijah, the Durrie record shows, page 51, viz:

"Children of Daniel (183) and Keziah (Rust) Holt:

(I omit some of the children, whose record is not material to the present history).

586. Elijah (1375); b. March 29, 1764; m. 1st, Elizabeth, daughter of Col. Ebenezer Williams, and sister of Hon. Elisha Williams of Pomfret, Conn.; m. 2nd, Mary Adams. She was b. April 1768, and died Jan. 16, 1796.

Removed to Cherry Valley, N. Y., then to Buffalo, N. Y., and died at the former place September 27, 1826, where he was on a visit."

Such statement as to the date of his 2d wife's death is incorrect. She died at Buffalo in 1820, and is buried on our lot in Forest Lawn.

"589. Lester (1396); b. Windham, July 21, 1766; removed with his father to Cherry Valley, N. Y., where he m. Catherine, daughter of Col. Samuel Clyde, a staunch patriot and officer in the Revolutionary War. When the village of Cherry Valley was burned by the Indians, on the 11th of November, 1778, the mother of Catherine saw the Indians coming about 9 A. M. (Her husband had started for the Village an hour before). Seizing her babe, she and her children took refuge under a log, where they lay until the next morning without daring to stir. The house was burned at sundown. During the night, snow fell two or three inches. On the morning of the 12th, Col. Clyde, accompanied by 16 soldiers, went in search of them. Before they reached the fort, they were discovered, and it was only by the greatest exertions that they reached it. Mrs. Holt often said that the next day the sight of the dead was a spectacle which time could not efface. A partic-

ular account of the burning of Cherry Valley may be found in Campbell's *Annals of Tryon County.*"

The only other children of Daniel who should be noted in this history are as follows:

"590. Olive; b. Windham October 15, 1768, and removed with her parents to Cherry Valley; m. Dr. Joseph White.

He married, 2d, her sister Deborah.

594. Deborah; b. February 1st, 1775; m. Dr. Joseph White."

I mention the latter sister, Deborah, as she was the ancestress of Mr. Cox, our only living kinsman, so far as I know in or near Cherry Valley.

One of Lester Holt's daughters married Alvin Stewart, a prominent lawyer of Cherry Valley and the State, mentioned hereinbefore (see page 106 of Mr. Durrie's book).

The above entries seem to contain all we, descendants of my Grandfather Elijah Holt, need to complete our family tree.

## II

Entries from the Bible of Grand-father Holt, show as follows:

"Family Record — Marriages:

Elijah Holt, married to Elizabeth Williams February 9th, 1790.

Elijah Holt, married to Mary Adams, February 20th, 1797.

Jerusha Holt, married to Erastus Johnson, April 9th, 1809.

Olive Holt, married to Elisha Ensign,  
May 5th, 1814.

Williams Holt, married to Louisa  
Vibbard, March 18th, 1821.

Horatio N. Holt, married to Abbey G.  
Seymour, July 24th, 1839, in Buffalo".

(The last entry is apparently in Uncle Nelson's handwriting.)

"Family Records — Births:

Daniel Holt; born Jan. 2d, 1706.

Kezia Holt; born September 4th, 1708.

Daniel Holt; born April 5th, 1731.

Kezia Rust (Holt); born August 16,  
1735.

The children of D. & K.:

Cloe Holt, born February 10th, 1755.

Dille Holt; born August 13th, 1757.

Lester Holt; born August 30th, 1760.

**Elijah Holt; born June 9th, 1762.**

Abigail & Keziah Holt; born March  
29th, 1764.

Lester Holt the Second; born July 21st,  
1766.

Olive Holt; born October 15th, 1768.

Mary & Joseph Holt; born 27th of  
April, 1771.

Deborah Holt; born February 1st,  
1775.

Delle Holt; born January 23rd, 1778."

There are also these entries which seem to  
be in part duplicates of preceding records;  
but I insert them for what they are worth:

"Elijah, born June 9th, 1762.

Elizabeth Williams, April 2, 1768."

"Of our children:

Jerusha Holt; January 20th, 1791.

Daniel Holt; July 12th, 1792.

Olive Holt; November 18th, 1793.

Williams Holt; July 12th, 1795.

Mary Adams; December 10th, 1771.

Of our children:

Elizabeth Holt; April 2nd, 1798.

Adams Holt; May 6th, 1880.

Elijah Holt; Jr., May 25th, 1802.

Elizabeth Holt; October 22nd, 1804.

Mary Holt; November 7th, 1806.

Harriet Holt; August 12th, 1806.

Horatio Nelson Holt; January 4th, 1811.

**George Holt; November 25th, 1813."**

Then follow two births which are not decipherable.

"Family Records — Deaths:

Daniel Holt, Sr., died November 5th, 1733.

Keziah Holt, September 4th, 1796.

Daniel Holt, January 25th, 1796.

Dille Holt; May 6th, 1775.

Lester Holt; September 13th, 1764.

Olive Holt; September 20th, 1792.

Joseph Holt; March 6th, 1773.

Mary \_\_\_\_\_, Nov. 19th \_\_\_\_\_.

Deaths of E. Holt's Family:

Elizabeth Holt, January 16th, 1796.

Of our Children:

Daniel Holt, July 18th, 1792.

Of E. Holt's and Mary's Children:  
Elizabeth Holt; January 20th, 1804.  
Mary Adams, January 3d, 1820.  
Gen. Elijah Holt, September 25, 1826.  
Olive Holt; April 13th, 1837.  
Elizabeth Williams, wife of Elijah  
Holt, January 16th, 1796.  
Mary Holt (Mrs. Parsons), July 25th,  
1834.

The foregoing entries seem to be in my  
Grandfather's, or Uncle Nelson's handwriting:

“Roderick Seymour Holt, April 14th,  
1928; son of H. R. Seymour Holt and  
Caroline Reed.”

The last entry is in my handwriting.  
The above bible is passed on by me to my  
descendants. It is kept in my office safe.

### III

Entries from the Bible of Father  
George W. Holt show as follows:

“Marriages:

George W. Holt and Amelia Harring-  
ton, September 16th, 1863.

George Washington Holt, born  
November 25th, 1813.

Amelia Harrington, born March 1st,  
1839”.

The above entries are in Father's writing.

“Elijah Williams Holt and Jessie  
Elizabeth Henn, married May 16th,  
1895”.

The last above entry is in Mother's hand-  
writing.

“George Williams Holt and Isabel Alexina Reid, August 9th, 1920.

Katharine Moore Holt and Josiah Odin Nevling, February 19th, 1927.

Bernhart H. Holt and Irene Cooney”, the date not being stated.

“Births:

Infant son, November 14th, 1864.

George Harrington, December 7, 1865

Elijah Williams, March 31, 1868.

Alice Eliza, December 26, 1871.”

The last three entries are in Father’s writing.

“George Williams Holt, son of Elijah Williams Holt and Jessie Elizabeth Holt, August 19th, 1896.

Katharine Moore Holt. daughter of Elijah Williams Holt and Jessie Elizabeth Holt, January 31st, 1900.”

The last two entries are in Mother’s writing.

“Bernhart Henn Holt, son of Elijah Williams Holt and Jessie Elizabeth Holt, December 16th, 1903.

Isabel Alexina Reid, wife of George Williams Holt, October 6th, 1900.

Elizabeth Grace, died at birth, daughter of George Williams Holt and Isabel Alexina Reid, December 28th, 1923.

Isabel Katherine Holt, daughter of George W. and Isabel, March 3, 1925.

Katherine Elizabeth Nevling, daughter of Katherine M. Holt and J. Odin Nevling, February 17th, 1928.

Ann Louise Holt, daughter of George W. and Isabel Holt, July 28th, 1929. Alice Jane Nevling, daughter of Katherine M. Holt and J. Odin Nevling, December 26th, 1934.

George Williams Holt, son of George W. and Isabel Holt, March 5th, 1939. Irene Holt Nevling and Carol Holt Nevling, twin daughters of Katharine M. Holt and J. Odin Nevling, November 10th, 1941.

Jessie Elizabeth Albertine Henn, daughter of Bernhart Henn and Jennie Steele, born February 3, 1873. Wife of Elijah W. Holt.

Daniel Henn, father of Bernhart and grandfather of Jessie above, sometime in 1812 at Cherry Valley.

Phoebe Snow Smith, wife of above Daniel and grandmother of above Jessie, May 5th, 1815, at Sackett's Harbor.

Bernhart Henn, son of last two and father of Jessie above, January 9th, 1841, at Westfield.

Jennie A. Steele, wife of above Bernhart and mother of above Jessie, May 6th, 1846, at Louisville, Ky.

Anna Henn, nee Hudson, wife of first Bernhart Henn and mother of above Daniel, Sept. 10, 1769.

Linda Alice Holt, daughter of George W. and Isabel Holt above, October

16th, 1943".

"Deaths.

Infant son, of George W. Holt and  
Amelia Harrington, November 18th,  
1864.

George Harrington Holt, son of last  
two, October 1st, 1867."

The last two entries are Father's writing.

George Washington Holt, January 4,  
1889".

The last entry is in Mother's writing.

"Amelia Harrington Holt, May 20,  
1904.

Elizabeth Grace Holt, daughter of  
George W. and Isabel, December 28,  
1923.

Roderick S. Holt, son of H. R. Sey-  
mour Holt, April 14, 1929.

Alice Eliza Holt, daughter of George  
W. and Amelia Harrington, December  
30th, 1929.

Jessie Elizabeth Holt, wife of Elijah  
Williams Holt, October 1st, 1942.

Daniel Henn, grandfather of Jessie,  
September 2nd, 1852.

Bernhart Henn, father of Jessie,  
November 8th, 1902.

Jennie A. Steele, mother of Jessie,  
May 23rd, 1904.

Phoebe Snow Smith, grandmother of  
Jessie, December 26th, 1890.

Anna Henn, wife of first Bernhart  
Henn, October 18th, 1852."

The two children of Mr. and Mrs. Blaustein are  
Janice Holt Blaustein and George Holt Blaustein.



Except as noted above the remaining entries in Father's Bible are in the writing of Elijah W. Holt. The burial places are noted in the bible in case of each decedent. This bible is also kept in my office safe.

Additional Family data:

Our cousin George H. Fraser, who just recently died in Brooklyn, left, as it is now learned by me a family consisting of the following:

His wife, Jessie Duff Jones.

His daughter, Lillian E. Fraser, now the wife of Frank M. MacDonald.

His daughter, Catherine Holt Fraser, now the wife of Allen A. Blaustein.

And two children of Mr. and Mrs. Blaustein, both in their younger years.

Our nephew Carden Henn, mentioned above as about to be married, has since been married to Anne Klemas. They live in a suburb of Cleveland, Ohio.

Herbert J. Fraser, my surviving cousin of the Fraser Branch, is married to Adelaide B. Hall, and they reside at West Orange, New Jersey.

Arthur Fraser married Rose McLain who survives him.

Betty Henn, daughter of Bernhart W. Henn, has recently been married to Griff E. Otto; and as this book goes to print word comes of a child, a girl, born to them.

The family tree of the Lockport Elijah Holt branch has just been furnished me by one of

his sons, Maurice Holt, of Glendale, California. It is the genealogy of cousin Elijah Holt's descendants, by his second wife, cousin Ada Gooding, of Lockport. My father and mother and my sister and myself, and my wife and myself, knew cousin Ada personally and admired her. By her, cousin Elijah had the following children:

1st. A daughter, Harriet Frances, who married Clement M. Summers, deceased; of Alameda, California.

They had the following children:

- (a) Marion; who married Ray Beymuller.
- (b) Clement, Jr., killed in the First World War, unmarried.
- (c) Patricia, who married Ray Waterlow; and had children, namely Carol and Virginia.
- (d) Virginia, unmarried.

2nd. A daughter, Alice Maude, who married Samuel F. Sheffer, now deceased, assumed to have been of Melbourne, Australia. They had the following children:

- (a) Mary Alice, who married Herbert Evatt, of Melbourne, Australia; who was the Australian Minister to the United Nations Conference.
- (b) Melborne Sheffer, of Sidney, Australia.

3rd. A son, Maurice G. Holt, who married Carolyn Traller, who resides at Glendale, California. They had the following children:

- (a) Corwin S. Holt, deceased.
- (b) Catherine E. Holt, married to Lawrence D. Matson; whose children are Terence W. and David Lee Matson.

4th. A son, George A. Holt, who married Margaret Donaldson, who resides at Glendale, California. They had the following children:

- (a) Donald H. Holt, who married Star Cramer.
- (b) James A. Holt.
- (c) Donna Lee Holt.
- (d) Margaret F. Holt, who married Harry Magee; and they had a child, Maryle Magee.

5th. A son, Stewart G. Holt, who married Shea Babbage, who lives at Los Angeles, California; and who has four sons, viz: Stewart, Jr., Howard, Clifford and Ray, not married.

The foregoing additions complete the family tree, with the record of the text of the above history, so far as I can ascertain.

One correction is to be noted in the text of the above history, viz: I wrote part of the text some four years ago. At that time Judge Hinkley, my successful competitor in the Supreme Court primary, was in office as the Dean of the Supreme Court Judges in the Eighth Judicial District; and I so stated in the text then written. But since then he has resigned because of the age limit and is no longer such Dean. As stated in said former text, he made an outstanding record as a jurist; which went a long ways

in consoling me with my defeat in the contest against him. He is, moreover, a master of eloquent English and his demonstrations in that respect are most inspiring as found in his opinions, and also outside them in his other written works.

E. W. H.



## INTRODUCTORY

The following article on Old Westfield is added to this book, because our immediate ancestors, My Wife's and Mine, lived in that village and its history is part of theirs. And also for the further reason that I think the readers who happen to read this book, who are not of our families, but who live or come from Westfield, may find it of interest. And it is such a true picture of the village in its old days that I feel it should be preserved for the benefit of all who may hereafter be interested in the old town as it was in its earlier period.

E. W. H.



# OLD WESTFIELD

By Amorette H. Fraser



A Remembrance  
of Cherished Days



## OLD WESTFIELD



ge loves to dwell in pleasant reminiscence of its youth. A long life is replete with precious memories, none dearer than those of a happy childhood. It is the privilege of age to indulge in retrospect and to tell the story of days long past; for this, I am writing some remembrances of Westfield, the home of my early years, as I knew it nearly a century ago.

Happily, memory cherishes most fondly those things regarding it which were of its greatest beauty; its quiet streets, shaded and embowered with massive locust trees, which, in their summer blooming shed a wealth of fragrance over all the town; its bright green Common, the beauty spot of the village; its deep, full, roaring creek, dashing with swift current through its rocky gorge; the stately hills clothed with dense forests and rising in majesty to meet the sky; the primeval forest, an unbroken barrier between the village and the Lake; the latter grander and more beautiful than all the rest!

I love to think of Westfield as it was then, a village of sweet contentment, of friendly interest and intercourse, of mutual helpfulness, of industry and settled purpose.

There was no telegraph nor railroad, no telephone nor radio, nor airplane, and yet it was not apart from the world, as it had a daily stage-coach each way between the East and West, bringing mail which kept its citizens in touch with the affairs of the nation, and informed of all important events of the time.

Having been settled mostly by people coming from New England, largely by those of English descent, the atmosphere of the village was rigidly Puritanical, its habit that of simple living and high thinking, its key notes those of education and religion, the former a desideratum, the latter a stern necessity.

My recollections begin with 1839 when I was three years old. My father had taken his family of wife and two children from Forestville to Westfield in the Fall of 1837, and located both his business and home in a two story frame building four rooms deep, on Main Street opposite to the present National Bank of Westfield. My viewpoint up to my fifth year centers here.

Through the long vista of years I recall vividly some of the stirring events of that time; one, the presidential campaign of Harrison and Tyler. Political excitement ran high and even little children took part in it. One evening a big parade marched through Main Street led by an oxen-drawn vehicle on which was a log cabin, within which a band of drums and fifes and a chorus of men's voices were playing and singing the campaign song "Tippecanoe and Tyler too". "For he is the very best man, man, man!" There was great public rejoicing when the news came of their election.

Another was the occurrence of "General Training Day" for the drilling of the Militia. Every able-bodied

man was required to take his part in learning somewhat of the art of war, that the nation might have ready a force to act in its own defense.

Those training days were wonderful days to us children; so bright and gay they were, with officers in brilliant uniforms, plumes waving, horses prancing, soldiers marching, orders shouted of command, fifes and drums sounding with martial music. It was so gorgeous, so unusual and stirring, and withal so exciting and patriotic as never to be forgotten.

The drilling took place on the Common, then as now the central point of interest for all community gatherings. At that time it was enclosed with a railing of squared timber set in posts with pointed tops. There was a turnstile at its three open corners.

Another pleasure was the occasional enjoyment of a day at Barcelona, the Port of entry for merchandise for all the southern towns of Chautauqua County. It had a block of stores, a Post Office, a tavern (still standing), two piers and a lighthouse, the latter of surpassing interest to all children. It was kept by an old man named Chase, who, with his wife, tended the light. They didn't like to be troubled with opening the door, and made it appear a great favor when they ungraciously let us in.

It was a joy to race up that spiral staircase and stand at the railing at the top and look out over that great expanse of water; it gave us a real thrill.

We were also permitted to go out on the pier and see the steamboat arrive. It had a high pressure engine which made its coming known while yet some miles away with its chug, chug, chug; and it was such a grand

sight when it approached and made the dock!

Henry McWhorter kept the store for general merchandise at the Harbor, and this was our father and mother's "shopping day"; so when the steamboat was gone, we children joined them at the store where the wagon in which we had come was packed with the day's purchases of drygoods, groceries and hardware, and we returned home feeling that we had enjoyed a very eventful day.

One of my dearest memories is that of the primeval forest which extended unbroken, save for the Portage road, from the Village to the Lake. Its massive trees of every northern variety; its mossy ground; its wild-wood flowers; its singing birds of every native species and of all beautiful and brilliant colors; made a visit to the woods a great delight. We entered them at the corner of Washington and Pearl Streets. Every season from Spring to Fall they were a free domain from which to gather treasures; flowers, mosses, vines, jonquils, nuts, berries, and many precious objects of nature's bounty. A clear running brook on the low level where the railroads are now, furnished an abundance of watercresses. We reached it by a wagon road until we came to a swamp where a corduroy road-bed was laid for the purpose of getting out trees for lumber and firewood.

The dense forest formed a shield against the cold winds of Winter and the chilling frosts of Spring, and made the level plain between the Lake and hills a fine fruit garden. The crops were always sure; there were no insect pests, as there were so many birds, and fruit was so abundant as to be free to any who cared to pick and eat it. I have never seen better peaches, plums, pears and apples than were grown there before the

woods were cut away. Grapes were very rare.

Chautauqua Creek, a full, deep, roaring stream which made the water-power for woolen, grist, and saw-mills, and supplied water for the tannery and slaughter-house, was a most important feature of the town. It had two tragedies. I well remember one, the accident which caused the death of Deacon Eber Stone, father of Lester Stone, who fell over its unprotected bank one dark night when returning from a church meeting to the family home of his son on Water Street. His body was found the next morning lying on the stones below, and all the village mourned.

The bridge, when built, had no railings on the sides; only a squared timber was laid on each side of the roadway. One day two women from Ripley came driving into Westfield, and when they reached the middle of the bridge the horse balked and backed the buggy off into the stream. The water was about fifteen feet deep, and the situation so startling it aroused the whole village. Willing hands rushed to the rescue, brought the women out of the water and carried them to the nearest house, that of General Farnsworth, now the home of Mr. Dann.

These two sad happenings showed the necessity for adequate protection of life, and the village fathers put a fence on the dangerous bank, and railings on the bridge.

The village had three taverns, the "Westfield House", the "Hawkins" and the "Stone" taverns.

The Westfield House on the corner of Main and North Portage Streets was the one most important, it being the stopping point of the stages, and it had the reputation of being one of the best public houses between

Buffalo and Cleveland. Here the passengers alighted for rest and meals, and the tired horses were exchanged for fresh ones for the onward journey.

The "Hawkins Tavern" occupied, with barns and yard, the entire space from the east corner of the "Common" to the east side of what is now Elm Street. It was a frame building, painted white, with a piazza across the front of the second story and a broad platform beneath. An arched colonial doorway led into the tavern from each.

It was kept by Samuel Hawkins and bore his name.

The "Stone Tavern" was so called because it was built of stone, the only building in the village of that material. It was kept by Paul Persons and his wife Susan.

The streets of the village were Main, North and South Portage, Clinton, Water, Washington and Pearl. What is now Market Street was then called the Lane. There was also a lane called Foundry Lane as it had a large foundry located in it, and it ran through from Clinton Street to Main Street nearly opposite to what is now Franklin Street. There was also a short street where the railroads are now called English Street, and was the residence place of several English workers.

Main Street was part of the great highway between the East and West; over its turnpike roadway the stages carried the passenger traffic going back and forth. Those wonderful stages! What a stir their nightly coming made in that quiet village,—the driver's horn heard in the distance, the expectant waiting, the horn again, and again, the near approach, the cracking of the driver's whip, the extra flourish and grand entry

as the four galloping horses brought the rocking, swaying vehicle in triumph to the Westfield House door! The men of the village hastened to be present on their arrival to get the news of the world, and to learn who had come to town. The coaches carried nine people inside and could take six on top. The luggage was placed on the "boot" in the rear, and the mail bags were carried under the driver's seat. Usually one coach a day, each way, was sufficient to meet the requirement of travel, but when two and sometimes three came thundering into town, great amazement was expressed that travel could be so heavy. Forty-five to fifty people going westward, all at once! It required a long day to make the journey from Buffalo if the roads were good, —longer if they were bad.

There were two churches in the village, the Episcopal and the Presbyterian; and the Methodist Meeting-House. The Episcopal Church stood in its present location, fronting the "Common", and has been an ornament to the village and a blessing to its devoted and faithful body of Christian worshippers for more than a century. The rectory was a two-story frame building on Main Street, adjoining the house we occupied. It had a Gothic latticed porch over its front door which so impressed my child-mind with its beauty as to stamp itself indelibly upon my memory. Both houses had deep gardens, there was no alley in the rear. The Rev. Nathaniel Huse was the rector.

The Presbyterian Church occupied the site of the present one. It had a basement for its Sunday-school, session, and prayer-meeting rooms, which made necessary a high flight of steps to the church entrance. In the vestibule were two huge box-stoves, each of which

would hold a quarter cord of wood. Long stove-pipes were carried from them into and around the auditorium. This was the heating system. Tallow candles in tin candlesticks made with high-backs to serve as reflectors were hung on the columns which supported the gallery. This was the lighting system.

The pulpit, high above the floor, was reached by a mahogany railed stair on either side. The pews faced the entrances; each had a door on which was a black iron button, and when the owner's family was seated the button was turned as if to fasten them securely in and keep all others out. Members owned their pews, having paid for them with subscriptions to the building fund. The Rev. Timothy Hopkins was the pastor.

A bell, the only one in the village, hung in the square belfry tower. It called to service four times each Sunday, morning, afternoon, evening, and five o'clock prayer-meeting. This with Sunday-school from twelve to one o'clock made the day one of strenuous religious observance.

The bell also announced deaths; giving first one stroke for a man, two for a woman, and three for a child, and then proceeding to strike the number of years of age of the deceased. It solemnly tolled as funeral processions made their way slowly to the grave. It also gave alarm of fire.

The Methodist place of worship was not called a church, but a "meeting-house". It was a frame building on the west side of the creek. It had two doors, one for the entrance of men, one for women. They sat on opposite sides of the room,—never together. Attendance at one or other of these places of worship was obligatory

on everyone who desired the respect of the community. Those were very quiet Sabbaths, in preparation for which all needful work was done on Saturday. They were sacred, holy days, in which all secular occupations must be avoided. No letters must be written or received, no books except those of a religious order must be read, no walks or drives must be taken except to go to church or to visit the graveyard. It was not called a "cemetary" then.

At Sunday-school we were given books on Missionary work in foreign lands and memoirs of very good little girls who were saintly and died young. I never read of any little boy so good he had to pass away. I remember feeling very glad that I was not one of those very good children, it seemed so dangerous, and I loved to live. I am here yet. It is a question in my mind if such reading is really of the right kind for young children.

The business center of the village began with the corner of North Portage and Main Streets and extended to the corner of the Lane, now Market St. The buildings were mostly of frame with a brick sidewalk fronting them, and a rail of squared timber at the curb, which served for hitching horses, and oxen—much of the teaming was done with ox-teams. At the corner of Main Street and the Lane a block of four frame houses stood, built by Mrs. Deming, and called the "Deming Block". She occupied one as her residence and rented the others, one to Rebecca McMahan, the town's only dressmaker, who, being related to Col. McMahan, was so high-toned that she would work only for "the quality"; one to Jane Macomber for her private school, which, with my older sister I attended; and the one on the corner for the village Post Office and residence

of the Postmaster, William Sexton, father of Mrs. Edgar Robbins and Mrs. Mary Prendergast. He held the office for many years and was succeeded by Mr. Nichols, who, with his wife, took it in charge and moved it to their residence near what is now Elm Street. Letters were rare those days. They were written on foolscap sheets, and so folded as to leave space for the address, there being no envelopes in use. Sealing wax or wafers sealed them. Postage was ten cents a letter, collected on delivery. The receipt of a letter was an event, but every day we called at the office, and when, to our delight,— we saw a letter in our box we rapped on the delivery window and eagerly waited. Presently, with great deliberation, Mr. Nichols would appear and crustily ask "What do you want?" "A letter in box 84". Slowly he would get it, carefully look it over, examine the post-mark, then inquire "Was your mother expecting a letter?" "Yes sir". "Who does she know in Cleveland?" "Her brother". "How long since she heard from him?" "Don't know". "Then this must be for her from her brother, go home and tell her, and if she will send ten cents for postage she can have it." This was his regular habit, he never seemed willing to part with a letter until he had learned all the particulars, and much interesting information was broadcasted from the Post Office.

The merchants of the village were G. T. Camp, Buck and Morse, Johnston Brothers, Babcock and Son Jared, Thomas Knight and Chandler Persons. Their stores were those of general merchandise. Money was very scarce, and trade mostly that of barter or exchange. James Carlisle was the tailor; Daniel Rockwell the hatter; Jonas Harrington, boots, shoes and leather;

Jasper Harrington, stoves, tinware, and hardware; Lorenzo Phelps, saddles and harness; John and Thomas Shaw, cabinet-makers; Thomas Macomber, wagons and sleighs; David Hall, blacksmith; Couch and Stone, woolen mills; Frank Waters, tools and farm implements; George Hall, miller; Hiram Tiffany, tanner; Mr. Willing, butcher; Charles Abel, William Morse, John Wilson, carpenters; and John Baker, mason. Dr. Jones kept the only drug store.

The lawyers were Judge Thomas B. Campbell, Abram Dixon, Austin Smith, John and Watson Hinckley and Rossiter Johnson. Squire Mann was the Justice of the Peace.

The physicians were Drs. Jones, Spencer, Stockton, and Henn. Elias Barger was an architect and builder; Austin Wells was an insurance agent.

All those engaged in the productive industries were men who had learned their trades as apprentices under the old system of four years of service while learning; then they became journeymen, and by their industry and thrift accumulated the capital with which to start in business for themselves.

There was no lack of occupation either in business or in homes. Nearly everything required was made to order, and made by hand; men's clothes and hats, all boots and shoes, saddles and harness, wagons and sleighs, furniture, and even coffins. There were no undertakers then; when a death occurred word was sent to the cabinet makers, who went to the home of the family, took the measure of the deceased, and made the coffin of whatever kind of wood was desired.

There was much of home production for the needs

of the family, such as the rendering of lard and tallow, the making of candles, soap, sausages, and mincemeat; the preserving and drying of fruits, the curing of meats and the making of butter; all of which the home mother was expected to accomplish, as well as to make all the family clothing and knit the stockings.

There was no domestic help, and nearly every home mother performed the labor required in her family. There was wonderful efficiency in the homes of those days. There was one woman in the village who went out for day's work, a Mrs. Jones who lived on English Street. She was required only for the very heaviest household labor; she came at six in the morning and worked until nine at night, and had fifty cents and three meals for her pay. She ate with the family, and was treated with respect. It was considered a luxury to have her service and only the well-to-do could afford it. Sometimes if the mother was ill, a farmer's daughter would come to the assistance of the family, just to be obliging. Her wages were fifty cents a week. No woman went to business, it was considered demeaning to do anything to earn money. Every father expected to support his daughters until they married, which they mostly did.

I have written the streets in their respective importance as residence streets. On Main Street stood the brick houses of Abram Dixon, Dr. Jones, Austin Smith, and Johnathan Cass, buildings still standing; and the frame houses of Austin Wells, John and Thomas Shaw, Col. Babcock, Elias Barger, Dr. Silas Spencer, John Hinckley and Mr. Keep, the latter in the large grounds of the present Brewer home.

On South Portage were the homes of Henry

McWhorter, Daniel Rockwell, Dr. Stockton, Dr. Henn, Augustine Baldwin, David and John Eason, Hiram Couch, and Judge Campbell.

The home and property of James McClurg occupied the entire east side of the street from the Common to Bliss Street. The house was the most beautiful place in the village, fronting as now, on the Common, with a row of great locust trees, then young and flourishing, across its front. A high picket fence enclosed its garden of velvety lawn, box-bordered flower-beds and paths, and a variety of shrubs and evergreen trees all carefully kept, and unusual for that time.

In the rear of the house stretched the broad acres cultivated like a farm. The fields of waving grain and hay, with many massive trees, giants of the primeval forest, standing in their midst, were picturesque and beautiful. On the west front sidewalk stood a long row of Lombardy poplars.

On North Portage Street were the homes of Alpheus Baldwin, Mr. Farnsworth, Mr. Rumsey, William Morse, Russel Sunderlin, G. T. Camp, Herman Patchen, Norman Kibbe, and the Colonial house occupied by William H. Seward, later by Gov. Patterson. The little brick Land Office of the Holland Land Co. stood in its present location, and is one of the relics of that early day.

On Clinton Street were the homes of James Carlisle, Watson Hinckley, Dr. Fellows, the only dentist, Mr. Tinney, David Hall, Hiram Tiffany, Thomas Macomber, Hugh Johnson and brothers, Johnathan Taylor, Jasper Harrington, Jonas Harrington and Rossitor Johnson. The Presbyterian minister lived in a frame house painted red, standing below the hill. Water Street was

one of the best streets in the village, and its residents were Stephen Rumsey, Lester Stone, George Hall, Mr. Willing and Mr. Sykes. Gen. Farnsworth owned and occupied the house now owned by Mr. Dann. It was a grand place then.

On Washington Street were the homes of Squire Mann, Thomas Knight, Daniel Root, Mr. Sprague and Horace Hale.

On Pearl Street I only recall the home of Lorenzo Phelps with a big maple tree in its front yard, which is still standing.

These were the notable families of the village, but there were those of prominence on the nearby farms who formed an important part of its citizenship. They were those of Col. McMahan, the Dinsmores, the Cochrans, the Montgomerys, the Gales, Asa Hall, the Couches, the Wrights, the Rumseys, and the Bliss brothers, Elam and Lorenzo.

There were many others, but these are the ones I most clearly remember.

In about the year 1840 the village bought the plot of ground on Main Street which is now the cemetery. For years it was enclosed with a high board fence and a bier stood in front of it. When a funeral took place, the bier was taken to the home of the deceased, the coffin placed upon it, a heavy black cloth called a pall covered it, and it was borne to the grave on the shoulders of eight men, the pall bearers. I have seen many so conveyed, with a procession of friends and neighbors following on foot, the church bell slowly and solemnly tolling as they were taken to their last resting-place.

This new graveyard, as it was then called, was a

barren field, and my dear father, who was a real tree-lover, took with him the gravedigger to the nearby woods and selected young maple trees to plant beside the roadway from the gateway to the rear plot. They brought them on their shoulders, planted them; and for a long time my father watered and tended them. He called them his trees and took pride in their growth and beauty to the end of his long life. They stand today, a memorial to his loyalty and devotion to the village.

In the early days of which I write the District School was the principal one, and children of the best families attended it. There was no free education then, but every family paid pro rata for the number of pupils sent by it to the school. Its primary department was on the west side of the building, furnished with a table for the teacher, and long benches without backs, for the little children. They were high above the floor, so we could not touch or rest our feet, and there we were required to sit through a six hour day, six days a week, to study hard lessons and keep perfectly still. There were no vacations, we went summer and winter; the only holidays were Christmas, New Year's, Fourth of July and Thanksgiving. There were the private schools of Jane Macomber and Miss Atwood to which we were sent at various times. Right here I would like to pay my tribute of respect to the high character and exalted influence of Jane Macomber. She was a woman of deep religious convictions, a stern disciplinarian, and one of the best teachers I have ever known. She carried on her school in the upper floor of the house of her family on Clinton Street for a few years, where the house of James Minton now stands, and later built for herself a one story structure in which she taught during the

remainder of her teaching life. That building is now a part of what was the residence of the William Walker family.

Miss Atwood's school was held in one of the basement rooms of the Presbyterian Church. She paid great attention to training her pupils in religion, morals, and manners. At the dismissal of the afternoon session each of us was required to turn around at the door, make a low bow and curtsy, and say "Good night, Miss Atwood". It was during her year of schooling that the war with Mexico was declared. A recruiting tent was set up on Main Street and the fearful sound of beating drum and bugle call struck terror to our hearts. We discussed with great anxiety what would become of us if Mexico beat the United States, and we were all captured or killed.

The passing years wrought many changes; the District and private schools were not adequate to the educational needs of the community and the Academy was built for the benefit of advanced classes. It was thus restricted through its early years, but in 1846, when Mr. Pillsbury came to Westfield to be its Principal, he, at once, caused its doors to be opened to younger pupils.

Dr. Jones, of whom I have written, who owned and kept the only drug store, was the leading physician of the village; he was an aristocrat, and an autocrat; had served as a surgeon in the Revolution and was accustomed to command. His word was law, and his prescriptions must be obeyed. His practice was that of the regular school of that day, and his medicines something to remember! When he became an invalid and obliged to retire from business, Lorenzo Parsons

bought the drug store and added to it books, stationery and school supplies. He had been a former Principal of the Academy and was Treasurer of the Board. We paid to him at the beginning of each term of fifteen weeks, the sum of five dollars tuition and bought from him our school supplies, and his store became a center of interest to all the younger fraternity.

In writing these recollections I would gladly pay my tribute to many of those to whose beneficent influence I acknowledge great indebtedness, but this is already too long and I must forego the pleasure of telling of the people who were such important factors in the making of Old Westfield, and whose influence lingers with me still.

I have outlived my day and generation; all contemporaneous with my youth have passed from earth. I, only, am left to hold in memory those who lived, and loved, and wrought, and passed to their reward. I am thankful for time's olden memories that are good and sweet; happy to remember the bright hours when I wandered in the forests, or tramped the silent hills or gathered pebbles on the shore of the beautiful Lake; and I hope and pray that memory will hold its throne until my time of silence comes and I go forth to meet the sunrise!



## N. B.

### Addenda by Elijah W. Holt

I have not the marvelous memory of my Aunt Ammie; but having known Westfield at a period subsequent to Auntie's sojourn there, I think I may add something to the saga of the Town. My Aunt described the town from its earliest days to say the 1860's. If we raise the curtain upon the next following forty years, we shall have the stage setting of Westfield in what I call its halcyon era, after its transition from the staid and more puritanical epoch which we see pictured in the years when Aunt Ammie lived there. Coming upon the scene in 1868, and having from then for over twenty years lived in Westfield, I had the opportunity to observe that transition, and to see the village garb itself in a social raiment quite different from that worn in its early days. The economical and serious minded pioneers had passed on, and had been succeeded by a generation who were more opulent and gay. From the Civil War days, and for a decade or more afterwards, there were few towns as small as Westfield which possessed as many wealthy residents, as wealth was then measured. Parties and receptions were the order of the day. Every winter fortnightly dances, attended by the younger married set, and the beaus and debutantes of that time, were held in Wells Opera House, to the Music of Knoll's Orchestra from Erie. And every pleasant day when Main Street was in condition, the sulkys in the summers and cutters in the winters, drawn by fast trotters and pacers, raced the mile from Portage Street to the Guild home, with all the excitement attendant upon a Kentucky derby.

I can personally recall many of the families who then lived in the Town and played their parts in social events. On South Portage Street lived the Taylors, the Yorks, the Crandalls, Vorces, Charles Fosdick (Harry Castlemon of juvenile fiction), and the Rockwells. On North Portage Street, the Patchens, Seymours, Harrises, Bloods, Governor Patterson and his wife and daughter Hannah, and the Hungerfords, and farther north, the Dicksons. On Washington Street, the Kingsburys and Halls. On Jefferson Street the Peacocks. On Clinton Street the Walkers, Jones, Mintons, Combs, Tiffanys, Dr. John Brown, and the Harringtons. On Pearl Street the Watson Hinkleys and William Mintons. On First and Second Streets the George Pattersons and Kents. On the street paralleling the Creek the Townsends and Whitneys. And on Main Street West the Allens and Nixons, and on Main Street East, the Skinners, McClurgs, Smiths, Tennants, Gibbs, Lyons, Brewers, McLains, Storms, the Miss Grays, the Mintons, Holts, Plumbs, Pierces, Dickermans, McWhorters, Spencers, Towles, Dinsmores, Skinners, Wrights, Watsons, Guilds and Prendergasts. I have I presume omitted some; but most of those who participated in the social life of those times are mentioned. And the neighboring towns of Ripley, Mayville, Dunkirk and Fredonia contributed quotas. Peacock's Grove at Barcelona witnessed many gay picnic parties in the summers. And in the winters there were frequent sleighrides to hotels in nearby towns for dancing and suppers. I am inclined to think that those so-called "horse and buggy" days were more glamorous days in Westfield than the present automobile days can boast.

One incident occurs to me, pertaining to Westfield,

which I think is known to but a few; and which should be of interest to everyone. Mr. Samuel Crandall, who will be remembered by some of my readers, was one of the substantial businessmen of the village, whose interests frequently took him out of town. He personally told me of this particular incident of one of his out of town trips. And while it has nothing to do with any former Westfieldian, it does have to do with the life story of a famous man who once spent a day and a night in Westfield, which sojourn led to his rise in fortune later; and the story goes to prove the truth of Shakespeare's oft repeated couplet, that "There is a tide in the affairs of all men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune".

It seems that Mr. Crandall was an ardent admirer of James Hill, the great railroad magnate. He had never met Mr. Hill, but had often seen his picture. On a business trip to Chicago he, Mr. Crandall, had occasion to call at one of the principal banks and interview its President. While conversing with the President, a man passed through the President's office and entered a private office beyond. Mr. Crandall recognized the man as being Mr. Hill; and the President upon request took Mr. Crandall into Mr. Hill's private office and introduced him. During the course of the conversation it was mentioned that Mr. Crandall lived in the Western part of New York State, in a village called Westfield. Whereupon Mr. Hill said, "Sit down, Mr. Crandall, while I unfold a story, which you will recognize as being true from the facts I relate. In my younger years, after my marriage, my young wife and I left our native England, to seek our fortune in America. We finally found that fortune; but I had unsuccessfully traversed the length

of your State from New York to Buffalo without finding work; and my money was mostly used up. Not finding work in Buffalo I saved out of the funds I had left enough for two more meals and planked down the rest at the ticket window in the depot. The agent asked me where I wanted tickets for, and I told him to give me two tickets for as far west as the money would pay for. He gave me two tickets to Westfield. When I arrived there, I found nothing open in the way of employment; and with my few remaining pennies bought some crackers and cheese for our suppers. But night was coming on and we had no funds left to pay for lodging. "Now," said Mr. Hill, "comes the proof of the truth of what I am telling you. Do you recall the long water-trough, hewn out of a large log, back of the brick hotel called the 'Westfield House', fronting on the road that goes to Mayville?" Of course, Mr. Crandall recalled that trough, as clearly as I myself do. "Well," said Mr. Hill, "there happened to be no water in the trough; so I got some straw from the hotel barn, laid it in the trough, and there Mrs. Hill and I slept that night. The next day we walked to Mayville, where I tried to find work, but failed. Between us we had just enough money for a letter sheet, envelope and for postage to my family in England; and I wrote them to send us enough money to return there. While I was addressing the envelope a gentleman glanced over my shoulder and noticed my writing, which was unusually good. He introduced himself to me as being the County Clerk, and said he needed a copyist for the records in his office. It is needless to say that I promptly applied for and got the job. It was not long afterwards that through him I secured a better

position with the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railroad; and thus began my career in the railroad business. Of course, I did not send the letter. So you see why it is that Westfield stands out in my memory." I have perhaps not used the precise language of Mr. Hill; but as near as I can recall Mr. Crandall's quotation of it to me, the version given is correct. At least I have correctly given the subject and purport of Mr. Hill's story.

The watering trough in question ceased to be at the time of the burning of the Westfield House, which some of you who read this Addendum may recall. It occurred while I was still living in Westfield.

Mr. Hill was, to be sure, not the only famous man who passed through or sojourned in Westfield. Lafayette and other prominent men visited it; and William H. Seward lived for a time in the Governor Patterson House and his brother in the McClurg house; and Horace Greeley was born near Mayville and likely in his youth also saw Westfield. But I think that Mr. Hill's visit is not generally known, and so have related it; not only with reference to its connection with Westfield, but also because it is another of countless instances of the mysterious ways in which Providence works out our destinies.

One phase of the history of Old Westfield was not treated of in Aunt Ammie's article to much extent; being the history of former industries upon the Creek. In earlier days the volume of water in the Creek was much larger than it is now, and from the power supplied by the streams several sizable mills were operated for years. In my boyhood days some of such mills were yet in operation. I can recall one which had long ceased

to function, the old Plaster Mill, halfway between the Village and the Lake. And I recall the old Lock Factory just north of the Main Street Bridge; which I think

ceased to do business in the 1860s. And there was a tannery nearby. Then there were a sawmill and grist mill about a half mile up the stream from the Main Street Bridge. And at the corner of Main and Water Streets was the York Mowing Machine Works. Then perhaps a half mile farther up stream were a Brewery and Cider Mill. And still further up stream, just below the confluence of the Big and Little Chautauqua Creeks, was a Paper Mill and also a Woolen Mill. And still further up stream, on the Big Creek, about five miles from Westfield, was a Saw Mill, which was yet standing some years ago. I think there was still another Mill of some sort, between the Village and the Lake, which had disappeared before my advent. So we may conclude that Westfield was quite active as a manufacturing center in a bygone era. Many of its former scenes, like many of its former faces, are left to us today only in pictures in our memories, which ever recur as we turn our mental gaze backward. To me it is a beneficent thought that time is but a myth of our erroneous philosophy, and that treasured memories live forever.

E. W. H.













